

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 24, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

Zowie,
it's
Maui!



**NOW YOU CAN
STOP SMOKING AROUND.**



KENT GOLDEN LIGHTS.
**AS LOW AS YOU CAN GO AND STILL GET GOOD TASTE
AND SMOKING SATISFACTION.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Other Brands Sold: Lowest tar 2 mg. "tar," 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 1980.
Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar,"
0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Model EX-2K Stereo Music System with Built-In Cassette Player/Recorder © 1978 Sony Corporation of America. SONY is a trademark of Sony Corporation.

If you're about to buy your first stereo, you're probably considering a compact. Partly because you don't know beans about stereos, and partly because what little you know is matched only by how little you want to spend. So we told our engineers to make a new compact that gives the beginners what the experts ask for. At a price that will make everyone happy. Here it is: the EX-2K.

First, the turntable. Ours is single play, a feature professionals have always asked for. It allows a lower tracking force (a consistent light pressure on records) for less wear and tear. Its platter is made of cast aluminum with balanced weight for better performance.

Under that turntable we've put something called a DC servo-controlled motor for speed accuracy (found only on the more expensive turntables) with belt drive for quieter operation.

The EX-2K is fully automatic. You can even push a button for the number of times

you want to hear a record. And if you don't want to start that record from the beginning, you push another button for automatic cueing.

When you get tired of listening to records, you can tinker with its built-in stereo cassette player/recorder. Or its FM/AM/FM stereo tuner which has phase-locked loop circuitry for better stereo separation with less distortion.

Every component, as well as the chassis, is made by Sony, so you know everything is completely up to our high standards.

You've heard what goes into the EX-2K, wait till you hear what comes out of it. The famous Sony sound, coming to you through our new advanced design Sensi-Bass speakers. They give a rich bass sound you'd never expect to hear from speakers this size.

Now instead of looking at your first stereo and thinking "It'll do", you'll look at your first stereo and think "Wow!"

BUY YOUR SECOND STEREO FIRST.



THE EX SERIES "IT'S A SONY."



HELLO
PRUDENTIAL...

Prudential? For a busted pipe?
That's right. Now you can get
a piece of the Rock for your home.*
And your car.* And your health.
Even to help set up your own retirement.
Get to know a Prudential agent
and let a Prudential agent get to know you.
That way, you'll get exactly the protection
you need, on almost everything you need to protect.
And then, the next time you have a problem, you can just
pick up a phone and say, "Hello, Prudential..." *available in most states

Get a piece of the Rock...for your home.



Prudential

Life · Health · Auto · Home

The Prudential Insurance Company of America.

Prudential Property and Casualty Insurance Company.

CONTENTS

JANUARY 24, 1977 Volume 45, No. 4

Cover photograph by Art Kane

14 Mac Adds a Few New Twists

The 'Sunlist Invitational' featured Mac Wilkins putting the shot and taking chiropractic

by Kenny Moore

18 Start of Something Big

Olympic gold medalists Howard Davis and Leon Spinks are impressive winners in their pro debuts

by Pat Putnam

20 Wherever He Is, Orr Glitters

Coaching or seeing spot duty on ice, Bobby Orr has helped put the Black Hawks out of a tailspin

by Peter Gammons

22 Back in Business in Boston

Dave Cowens shocked people by walking out on the Celtics. Last week he changed his mind again

by John Papanek

Lowdown on Alohaland

On his first visit to Hawaii, Frank Deford finds that McDonald's have more validity than luaus

36 This year's swimsuits are all of a piece, Jule Campbell reveals—and we add tank Heiweil!

44 With chilly new resorts, Maui is in the chips—both dollar- and potato-wise. Dick Johnston reports

60 On the Other Hand...

...we have the poor soulspare, who must make it through life against all that seems right

by Jerry Kinchenbaum



The Departments

9 Scorecard

48 College Basketball

Credits on page 73

55 Golf

79 For the Record

74 19th Hole

Next Week

LOOKING GOLDEN are the San Francisco Dons, the giants who have given the gate to 19 straight opponents, making them the No. 1 college basketball team. Barry McConnett sizes up Bill Russell's alma mater.

GOLDEN LOOKING are pro sports franchises, but many owners tell a tale of woe. Nonetheless, there's no shortage of well-heeled gents itching to fulfill boyhood dreams. Ray Kennedy profiles the proprietors.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is a national weekly sports authority during the year and furnishes a February and September issue combined in one of year-end. In February, \$1.15 (hardcover). Chicago, IL 60611: group office: Newhouse Co., N.Y. 10017. U.S. Group: President: E.P. Cantor, Treasurer: L.B. Shaw, Secretary: Edward J. Brown, Editor: J. H. and editorial mailing office: 440 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Post Office Dept. Change: Service and the payment of postage in cash. Subscription in the U.S.: \$12.00 a year.

5,000 years of the world's



ANCIENT AMERICA

500 B.C. to 1550 A.D.—the flourishing of three great cultures in total isolation: Maya, Inca and Aztec. The Spanish conquest of Mexico and Peru.



CLASSICAL GREECE

Beginnings of democracy, philosophy, science. First Olympic games. Persian destruction of the Acropolis. Superhuman feats of Alexander the Great.



CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION

Unearthing treasures of man's earliest civilizations in Mesopotamia, Sumer, Babylonia, Assyria. Man's first cities; beginning of writing, law, mathematics.



AGE OF EXPLORATION

With unshakable maps and tiny ships, the explorers of the 15th and 16th centuries sailed out into the unknown to change the future of the world.

Everything worth knowing about the GREAT AGES OF MAN brought to vivid life by

TIME
LIFE
BOOKS

TIME-LIFE BOOKS invites you to journey through 5,000 years and the legends of great cultures that have helped to create the civilized person you are today. In ancient Africa, Greece, Egypt, India, China, Japan and America, our ancestors invented calendars, writing, plumbing, clocks... designed bridges, highways, buildings... wrote poetry, philosophy and law... painted and sculpted works of unsurpassed power and beauty.

In a unique series of books that chronicles the fascinating story of civilization, the editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS have brought together many of the world's most eminent scholars and historians, archaeologists and anthropologists. The result is GREAT AGES OF MAN—21 superb volumes depicting the spectacular drama of

man's journey from primitive ignorance to the scientific marvels of the 20th Century.

Stunningly produced and illustrated, these books disclose the world as it really was, with everything worth seeing and knowing brought to vivid life. Intimate portraits of history's most remarkable personalities, as well as authentically detailed descriptions of how people lived their daily lives, will help you see these ancient worlds in their most human terms.

Your introduction to GREAT AGES OF MAN is *Ancient Egypt*—a richly evoked, authoritative portrait of a people united in 27 centuries of glory, a span of achievement that has few rivals in human history. And it's yours for 10 days free—full details are on the opposite page.

Typical of the readers' enthusiastic response:

"I would like to take the opportunity to congratulate you for publishing the finest collection of books about man I have ever read. The pictures in each of the books are breathtaking, but even more important the knowledge one learns and gains from reading the Great Ages in pictures."

M. Kardos, Baltimore, Md.

"Your series of books is very, very fine in every way. I am proud to have them on my book shelves, and I certainly enjoy reading them. They have helped me in many ways in my high school English classes of 150 students."

Mrs. Helen S. Fields, Fresno, Calif.

Begin your
fabulous journey
with
**ANCIENT
EGYPT**
enjoy it
for 10 days
FREE

greatest civilizations



ANCIENT CHINA

The fabled cities, emperors, palaces, emperors and peasants, philosophers and soldiers, poets, artists and inventors of six great ancient dynasties.



AFRICAN KINGDOMS

The Africa you never learned about in school—1,000 diverse cultures and languages, splendid cities, bustling ports, the fabulous Timbuktu.



ANCIENT EGYPT



Size: 8 1/2" x 10 1/4". Nearly 200 pages. Over 152 illustrations, 63 in full color.

As your introductory volume in this series, you are limited on a 10-day trial to *Ancient Egypt* — a visit that will take you behind the rigid death masks, the somber tombs, the astounding portraits of their historic legacy. You'll meet the Egyptians as they really were at the height of their splendor: a gay, romantic people who glorified death only because they saw it as a happy continuance of life.

You'll learn how the Egyptians built the Great Pyramid at Giza with stone blocks weighing up to 15 tons apiece, fitted them together so precisely in a rocklike compact that it took 4,000 years to gain entrance.

You'll see both their communal and private

lives: they wrote lyric poetry to lost loves . . . women used hair curlers, ointments and eye shadow . . . they allowed their women "nick leeks," yet they rallied history's first recorded labor strike . . . they worked out the beginning of geometry, yet they had trouble with fractions.

In *Ancient Egypt*, Lionel Casson, Professor of Classics at New York University, gives you an intimate, authoritative portrait of a people who formed the world's first united nations more than 3,000 years before Christ — and managed to remain it for an astonishing 27 centuries. And to add to your pleasure and comprehension, you'll receive, with this volume, a 3,200-word introduction to the Great Ages of Man series entitled "What Man Has

Built," by Jacques Barzun, distinguished scholar and critic.

Examine *Ancient Egypt* in your home for 10 days free. If you're not satisfied, for any reason, simply return it without obligation. But if you feel it lives up to your expectations and wish to keep it, pay only \$6.95 plus shipping and handling. Then you will receive future volumes at regular intervals—at the same price and with the same free 10-day trial period. There is absolutely no cost or obligation, so why not browse through 27 centuries of Egypt's glory. Mail the bound-in prepaid order form today. If card is missing write to: Two-Lane Books, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

WHY PEOPLE WHO OWN A BMW ENJOY DRIVING MORE THAN YOU DO.

As diverse as BMW owners are—a sweeping assortment of business executives, professional people, movie stars and royalty—there is one thing they all seem to have in common: an unabashed enthusiasm for their BMW.

An enthusiasm that seems to increase as the years and miles go by.

What causes this exceedingly rare relationship between man and machine? Quite frankly, the caliber of the machine.

The BMW 530i is a luxury sedan designed by racing engineers. The very same engineers responsible for the prodigious reputation BMW has enjoyed over the past

decade on the great race circuits of the world.

German engineers who, in the words of the editor of *Car and Driver* magazine, believe that "...driving, like life, is a two-hands affair that should be grasped firmly, taken seriously and done well."

Under the hood of the BMW 530i is a three-liter, fuel-injected masterwork of engineering *Road & Track* magazine calls "...the most refined in-line six in the world."

The suspension is fully independent on all four wheels. Resulting in a degree of control and comfort so unique it will spoil you for the solid rear axle systems found on most

imported and all domestic sedans.

All told, it is a car so singularly enjoyable to drive that, in Germany, a land of legendary driving machines—as in the rest of Europe—BMW sells more high-performance luxury cars than any other manufacturer.

If you agree that extraordinary performance is the only thing that makes an expensive car worth the money, we suggest you call a BMW dealer and arrange a thorough test drive.



THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.
Beverly Motor Works, Munich, Germany.



© 1987 BMW of North America, Inc.

For the name of the nearest BMW dealer, or for further information, call us anytime, toll-free, at 800-283-6000 (Conn. 1-800-852-6500).

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREANER

THE OLD HOME TOWN

There must be something sinister about Lake Erie. The most polluted of the Great Lakes seems to spill its bad reputation on the cities along its shores. Cleveland has been the butt of too many bad jokes, and so has Buffalo. Toledo is usually thought of for only two things—its sometime minor league baseball team, called, aptly, the Mud Hens, and the tired old song about Jones Junior High, the best junior high in Toledo. Now the city of Erie is getting it in the neck. Fred Biletnikoff, the star wide receiver of the Super Bowl champion Oakland Raiders, is from Erie, but he makes no bones about his feeling that his home town is a good place to be from.

"I'd never go back to Erie," Biletnikoff said last week. "They can have it. I just don't like the people. I don't like the way they've treated me. They wanted me back for some special function a couple of years ago, but they wanted me to pay my own air fare and expenses to get there. That's Erie, Pa. A great town. They can drop it in the lake."

VERY HUMAN

John Madden, the ample coach of the Raiders, seems to have none of the bitterness toward his background that Biletnikoff shows. The underpublicized Madden was a smash hit with journalists before and after the Super Bowl for his candor, wit and charm, and some of the things he said merit repeating.

On his childhood: "All I did as a boy was play football, basketball and baseball. I grew up in a family that encouraged sports. My father didn't think kids should have to work after school. He told us to go out and play games. He was an automobile mechanic. We never had any money, but we had a good life. My dad's philosophy was that there's a lot of work in the world and that once a kid goes to work, he's stuck for the rest of his life. So he thought we should play games and have fun as long as possible."

On his attitude toward his own chil-

dren: "I tell them what my father told me. I think he was right. High school and college years are meant for school and play. There'll be a lot of other years for work. People sometimes ask me what I think about the younger generation. I tell them I have one overriding thought about kids today. They grow up too soon."

On kids going into sports because of the economic advantages, such as college scholarships and professional salaries: "That's true, but it isn't what I mean when I say kids should play. I'm not talking about mistering a sport that will take you to college or give you a job afterward. I'm talking about going out and playing after school for the sake of playing. Games are great fun. I feel sorry for kids who have to go to work early and miss so much of the pleasure and excitement of playing games."

On coaching: "It isn't work. It's a way of life. As Bear Bryant said, 'No one should go into coaching unless he couldn't live without it.' I didn't go into it to make a living or even because I enjoy it. Football is what I am. I am totally consumed by it."

On what he gets out of it: "There are two appeals, as far as I am concerned. One is the experience of competition, the thrill of competition. There's nothing like it. Second is being part of a team. You're part of a group that's bigger than you, and you're in it with people who think it's as important as you do. You're seeking to achieve as a unit, and that's a very civilized thing to attempt, very human."

MINDS OF CHANGE

John Mayer, a senior soccer player at the University of Illinois-Chicago Circle, may be the last college athlete ever drafted by a professional sport. And then again—cross your fingers, Pete Rozelle—he may not be.

Mayer was the final player picked in a draft conducted in New York by the North American Soccer League. It was a rather special draft, undertaken with a clear eye on the recent decision in the Jim (Yazoo) Smith vs. National Football League case, in which the NFL drafting

continued

A LETTER TO OUR READERS FROM A FRIEND



FEDERAȚIA ROMÂNĂ DE GIMNASTICĂ

Fédération Roumaine de Gymnastique • Romanian Gymnastics Federation

100, 10101, 101010101
10101, 10101, 10101
10101, 101

1010101, 1010101, 1010101
1010101, 1010101

Dear Friends,

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has kindly lent us this space so I can thank the many thousands of you who were so kind to write to us after the Olympic Games in Montreal. Since it is really very difficult to answer personally so many letters, let me tell you how low grateful I am to you all for your friendship.

I wish you all good health, happiness and peace in the coming New Year.

With Love,

Nadia Bonăescu



Will there come a time when it's just too costly to save a life?

There's no question that health care is better today than it was ten, five or even one year ago.

The problem is that while our medical capabilities—like specialized open heart surgery—have increased, their costs have also been increasing.

In the past ten years, for example, the total cost of an appendectomy has gone from a national average of \$599 to \$1,180. Having a baby has gone from \$425 to \$1,150.

Where will it all end? It's a problem we all share.

That's why Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans, working in cooperation with doctors and hospitals across the country, have introduced programs designed to help slow these rapid rises in health care costs.

What we are doing to help stem rising health care costs.

Here are just a few cost-cutting programs now being offered by many Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans.

Some allow qualified patients to be discharged from the hospital sooner—so they can do more of their recuperating at home at far less cost.

Under another new program, many surgical patients scheduled for a hospital stay can have lab and X-ray tests done as outpatients. Instead of spending a \$130 day in the hospital waiting for test results, the patient can return home or even go back to work until the tests are in.

A third cost-cutting program is encouraging certain kinds of surgery to be performed on an outpatient basis. By getting it done on an "in by nine, out by five" basis, it's easier on the patients. And on the pocketbook, too.

We're also working with doctors' review committees to make sure that

the medical procedure and tests provided are really needed. It's a cooperative effort that's saving us all millions of dollars each year. And we're also working with various planning agencies to help make sure only needed services are available.

All of these are steps that can help hold down rising health care costs. Whether or not they will depends on the cooperation of each and every one of us.

What you can do to help.

The closer you watch every health care dollar, the less increase you may have in the rates you pay for health care coverage. Ask for—and use—the kind of cost-cutting programs we've described here.

Because only if doctors and hospitals realize that *you* are as vitally concerned as we are—and they are—will these programs be offered and used on a widespread basis.

You can also join the more than 90 million people who subscribe to not-for-profit Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans. We annually return over ninety cents of every dollar paid in for health care services, and won't cancel you because of a poor health record.

If you'd like more information about what we're doing to try to hold down costs, and what you can do to help, write Box 8008, Chicago, IL 60680 for our free booklet, "How All of Us Can Help Each of Us Hold Down Health Care Costs."

Together, we can prevent the day from coming when we can't even afford to save a human life.



Blue Cross
Blue Shield

All of us helping each of us.

© 1980 Blue Cross and Blue Shield of Illinois. All rights reserved.

procedure was declared illegal. That decision is being appealed, of course, and the NASL, on the recommendation of its law firm, Covington and Berling, which also represents the NFL, went ahead with a four-round draft last week. It had a significant provision: any players not signed by March 14 will go into the pool again for a second draft on March 17. This gives players selected in the first draft a chance to reject unsatisfactory offers and still be able to sign with a second team before the season starts in April. Thus, the NASL hopes to avoid the charge in the Smith-NFL suit—that a player can be denied the chance to earn a salary during a season because he is restricted to dealing on a take-it-or-leave-it basis with only one team.

NASL Commissioner Phil Woosnam says, "If we don't get sued before the season begins, then we will have established new guidelines. We'll just have to wait and see." You can bet they'll be waiting and watching a few blocks away at NFL headquarters, too.

THE ONE

There was bedlam in the gymnasium of Quenemo (Kans.) High School two weeks ago when Dee Dee Neill of Quenemo stepped to the foul line with less than a minute left in a girls' basketball game against LeRoy High and made a free throw. Dee Dee became an instant heroine. Even the referee shook her hand. No, Dee Dee's shot did not win the game for Quenemo, but it did reduce LeRoy's margin of victory from 83-0 to 83-1. "It was a relief," says Cindy Day, the Quenemo coach. "I remember thinking that if anyone could score for us, Dee Dee would do it."

Almost as relieved was LeRoy's coach, Ed Jones, who with the score 80-0 and three minutes to play had told his players to foul deliberately in order to give Quenemo a better chance to avoid the humiliation of a shutout. How much better 83-1 sounds than 83-0 is debatable, but Quenemo kept trying for that point—and missing—until Dee Dee came through.

"I kept thinking about those poor tired little Quenemo girls," says the compassionate Jones. "This is only their second season, and we've had our girls' team for seven years."

Quenemo has only 40 students, and its two tallest players are only 5' 3" (LeRoy has 93 students and a six-footer).

Quenemo, which hasn't won a game, has had other problems this season. Against Mulvren High, only six girls were in uniform and five fouled out. Each time Quenemo lost a player, Mulvren sportingly removed one from its lineup until the game boiled down to two-on-two before the referee called the game—with Quenemo losing again. Coach Day, an English teacher, says, "It's been an experience. I guess you can say that even though we aren't winning, we're having an interesting season."

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY

After he won his Olympic gold medal in the light-welterweight division at Montreal, Sugar Ray Leonard of Palmer Park, Md. said he was not going to become a professional boxer but intended instead to enroll at the University of Maryland where he would major in business. Nathaniel Exum, a Maryland state legislator caught up in the fervor of the Olympics and Leonard's success, promptly introduced a bill that read, "For the purpose of providing that any resident of Prince Georges County who was awarded a gold medal at the 21st International Olympiad, held in Montreal, Canada in 1976, shall be granted a tuition waiver at the University of Maryland. . . ."

Exum's bill was to go before the legislature in the current 1977 session, but action on it now seems academic, so to speak. Sugar Ray has altered his plans, preferring the school of hard knocks to the groves of academe. Following his Olympic teammates Leon Spinks and Howard Davis (page 16), he'll matriculate in the professional ring against Luis Vago of Scranton, Pa. in the Baltimore Civic Center on Feb. 5.

BRACOMAN JUSTICE

When a college athlete has poor grades, he can be prohibited from playing until they improve. At Pasick County (N.J.) Community College, where six members of the 11-man basketball squad had unsatisfactory grades, President Gustavo Mellander took a more drastic step—he eliminated the basketball team altogether. The six students were put on probation, and the team, which had a 2-3 record, will forfeit its remaining 13 games.

"We are determined to keep our priorities straight," says Mellander. "Above all else, this is an academic institution. When I say we are a no-nonsense col-

lege, I mean we are a no-nonsense college."

A man of action, Mellander had previously suspended or placed on probation one-third of the student body for low grades. Nonetheless, discontinuing basketball could be a devastating blow to the school's intercollegiate athletic program. Basketball was its only sport.

VISUAL AID

Vern Rapp, the new St. Louis Cardinal manager, noting the signal success of the clean-shaven, neatly coiffed Cincinnati Reds, has told his players that long hair, beards and mustaches are out this season. Further, jackets and ties will be worn on road trips.

Rapp's drastic ruling did not sit too well with Al (The Mad Hungarian) Hrabosky, the Cardinals' star relief pitcher. Hrabosky has sported a wild mustache the past season or two, over which he liked to glare ferociously at batters before firing his imposing fastball. Now Hrabosky's face, sans mustache, may turn out to be worn and friendly, even genial, and hitherto nervous batters may be tempted to dig in, confident that such a nice-looking fellow would never throw at their ears.

Whatever happens, Rapp's theory of success recalls the old story of the agnostic fight fan who noticed a boxer making the sign of the cross just before his bout was to begin. The fan turned to a Catholic priest sitting next to him and said, "Father, will that help him?"

"Sure," the priest said. "If he can fight."

THEY SAID IT

- David Knowles, Chicago Cub pitcher, asked if a former teammate was a hot-dog: "There isn't enough mustard in the world to cover Reggie Jackson."
- Shirley Casper, wife of golfer Billy Casper and mother of 11 children, via adopted, on her husband's endowments in 1977: "He'll represent several clothing firms, as usual. I just wish one of them was Pampers."
- Shirley Majors, coach at the University of the South: "The biggest change I've experienced in football over the years is that Johnny used to be known as my son. Now I'm known as his father."
- Billy McKeever, a trainer who claims one of his horses became a winner after it began drinking beer: "What appresses me is he never spills a drop."

Why isn't More white?

Because More is burnished brown. To make its longer, leaner design look as good as it tastes.

And when it comes to the taste of More, you can enjoy its smooth mildness longer.



Because More burns slower.

So More doesn't end with just good looks. There's lots of good taste as well. It's like any really good cigarette.

Only it's More.



FILTER: 22 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine.
MENTHOL: 22 mg. "tar", 1.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report AUG. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health.

MAC ADDS A FEW NEW TWISTS

The Sunbelt Invitational had discus world-record holder Mac Wilkins shotputting and talking about chiropractic

by Kenny Moore

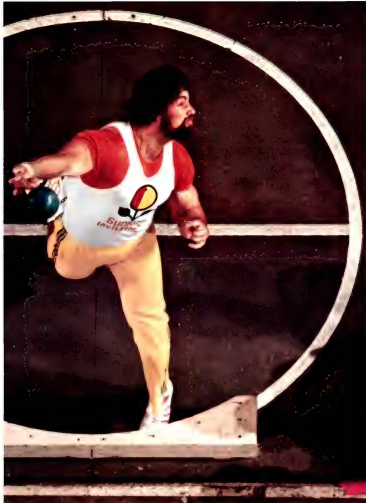
His green square eyes, those of a prophet, Mac Wilkins saw the problem: "Here is the first big meet of the season following the Olympics. I'm strong, I've done my training, but it's as if I'm still paying the emotional debt of that whole spectacular, tumultuous year." Wilkins, the Olympic champion and world-record holder in the discus, was about to commence a campaign of shotputting that quite possibly could lead to a second world record, making him the first man to hold world marks in both events. For all that, he seemed less than eager. "There is a season and a time for everything," he said, "and the Sunbelt Indoor may not be a time for ultimate performances."

As it happened in Los Angeles last Saturday afternoon, Wilkins was right. The indoor season began amid treacherous technology and modest performances, with such lux-

continued

*When Wilkins unleashed his 57' 9" disc, he scattered
spectators and beat a half-dozen long-jump record holders*





most names as Dwight Stones, Houston McTear and Frank Shorter suffering the sick, angry sensations of defeat. Wilkins was the shot with a 67' 9" effort over a field that included two former outdoor world-record holders (Terry Abtrinton and Al Feuerbach) and the current outdoor record holder, Alexander Barshinikov of the Soviet Union. But the chatty manner in which the shopkeepers carried on said much about the current adrenaline-free state of weight throwing on the indoor circuit. There was a time—in the early 60s—when Dallas Long and Parry O'Brien were running this game. Then, a shot would be accidentally dropped at the moment a rival was gathering his concentration in the ring; a competitor would pace and turn from an opponent's throw with nerve-tightening disgust. The Olympics are still that way. So imagine Barshinikov's double take when Abtrinton posed the time between throws blazing away at everyone with a movie camera for a film class assignment. "I had no objections," said Barshinikov later, still puzzled and a bit disorganized. He also had doubts about a being the proper season. "I don't usually throw well in winter," he said, "but Los Angeles doesn't seem like winter." However, the calendar proved to be right, and he finished fourth at 63' 5".

Barshinikov's spin technique, which was pioneered and perfected by Brian Oldfield, caused others some concern. "I hope he can control it and not drop a shot into a runner's lap," said Meet Director Al Franken. As it turned out, Wilkins was the only menace. His winning throw almost plopped into a pack of 100-yard runners. The shot struck an inch from the track and lodged beneath it. "They vacated that space just in time," said Wilkins, shaken. Olympic half-fitter James Robinson, one of Wilkins' near victims, moved out so swiftly he was timed in 1:09.2, breaking George Kerr's 13-year-old Sports Arena record.

The meet was shored from evening to afternoon at the demand of television, and as the day was the loveliest imaginable—70° and so clear that one wondered in the sense of having an indoor meet at all in such a clime. "Today they should just put the track outside," said Francie Larnia Katz, sitting in the shade of a palm tree.

She had won the mile at the CYD meet in College Park, Md. the night before, then set out on a sleepless odyssey to the van with a dozen other athletes. "The plane couldn't get off for an hour and a half in the freezing rain, so we missed our connection in Dallas and finally got here at 10 this morning," she said. "This

is the craziest thing I've ever tried, and I still don't have any answers about why I'm doing it."

But she did it, winning a hard 1,000 meters by two feet from faux-closing Cindy Poir in 2:42.0, less than two seconds above her world record of 2:40.2 set last year. "It was a test," she said. "I guess I passed."

If Larnia's ordeal was self-inflicted, others were not. The meet utilized a strange, new long-jump "pit"—a tight nylon fabric stretched over a foam pad, with an oversized pillow at the far end to keep jumpers from sliding onto the track. Distances were marked by chalk traces left from the competitors' shoes. The ichale chalk got on the shoes as jumpers ran through a dusty layer of the stuff in front of the takeoff board. It may have amused the crowd to see Olympic champions Viktor Saneyev of the U.S.S.R. (in the triple jump) and Annie Robinson (long jump) bashing their heads into the padding after every try, but the athletes, with the exception of Montreal silver medalist James Baits, who bounded 54' 6 1/2" to win the triple, felt abused. "You're scared of that thing," said Robinson, who won at 25' 9 1/2". "You can't attack the board, you come down the runway all cautious and looking." Saneyev, who finished a dismal sixth at 50' 3", said one reason he couldn't attack the board was that he couldn't find it, buried as it was under a pile of chalk. His protest had the rhythm of timeless Russian laments: "I can't understand what they do this to me."

The best early-season marks came in the mile. While Jim Ryan, Dave Wottle and Marty Liquori have all won this race, none ever did it in under four minutes. Paul Cummings, the gritty Brigham Young grad student running for the Tobias Striders of Los Angeles, went out with a 39.7 quarter and 2:01 half to string out the pack and thereby put some room between himself and Wilson Waigwa of UTEP and Kenya. Waigwa is a startlingly fast flasher who cannot bear to run any place but last until he begins his kick. Cummings suddenly accelerated at the three-quarter-mile point, and Waigwa was forced to go wide to circle the pack. The Kenyan had pulled to within 10 yards of Cummings as the bell rang for

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LONG

Paul Cummings paced himself in a 3:00.2 mile enough to hold off late-charging Wilson Waigwa



the last lap but he picked up only a few more yards over the final 160 and Cummings won in 3:59.2, with Wagner second at 3:59.7. Fastest of all in the stretch was 20-year-old Steve Scott, a junior at California Irvine, who also was credited with a 3:59.7.

Congratulated on a tough, smart race, Cummings would only allow the tough part. "I was lucky," he said. "I didn't know what was going on back there." Wagner appeared to believe in a sort of sporting predestination, saying, "I wouldn't do anything but as I did."

"Not even run closer to the pace?"
"I can't help what I do," were the Kenyan's final words on the subject.

Edwin Moses, however, as we have seen before, learns fast. The night before, at Maryland, the Olympic 400-meter hurdles champion had fallen heavily after the first few yards of the 500, his first indoor race in two years and his second ever. At Los Angeles he immediately bolted to the front, showed that his long stride is adaptable to the tight indoor curves and held a two-yard lead on Herni Frazier with a lap to go. Frazier, who had won at Maryland after first-place finisher Stan Vinton was disqualified for swerving into Moses, crept closer but was 10 inches shy at the end. "It gets hectic indoors," Moses said.

It always seems so for the sprinters. In Los Angeles Marty Liquori's "300 no-show rule for early-season meets" held true, as Steve Williams and Valery Borzov were both lost to vague injuries. Olympic champions Don Quattrie (200) and Haveli Crawford (100) remained to face Steve Ruddick and Heatsen McTeer over both 50 and 60 yards. With the help of Muhammad Ali and Pasadena businessman Philip Fainchild, McTeer has put his life in order and began to loosen from the brooding presence of a year ago. Now in his first year at Santa Monica City College, he has lost weight, made friends and began to develop a style to go with the flashy diamond that dances beneath his left earlobe.

In the 50, the red-clad McTeer was out low and fast. Ruddick had a yard to make up over the last 25, and just got there with a splendid lean. The field went through the tape and rushed on into the tunnel, vanishing into a blur of blue-white TV lights. McTeer, half-blinded, slammed into the rope placed to restrain the runners and crashed down, his short spikes no more good on the concrete than

a puppy's nails on a waxed kitchen floor. Stunned, he gathered himself up, to be told he was second to Ruddick, although both had been timed in 5.3.

Back McTeer trooped, to try again, over 60 yards. This time, he had no more than began to rise from his crouch at the set position when the starter fired the gun. McTeer lurched to his left, hooked Crawford, staggered along hopelessly for half the race and gave up. Ruddick won again, in 6.1.

While McTeer rushed to Franken to angrily explain what had happened, Ruddick was without undue compassion. "The starter wasn't holding us long enough, right, but I don't sell," he said. "The longer I'm held the better my start is going to be relative to those who like to come up slow and maybe roll into their start. But I'm not mentioning any names of those junior-college sprinters in red who some times like to do that and had it backfire this time."

McTeer was equal to this. He simply bowed, wrapped himself in brilliant green sweats and withdrew with dignity. "It's all right. It's cool. They took both races, the starter and judges," he said as he walked out into the sunny, casual-postponed afternoon. "But Heatsen will be back."

As we sit, back to Wilkins, a thoughtful man who of necessity has conducted much soul-searching since his Olympic triumph and ill-received remarks concerning certain preposterous rules imposed on the U.S. team. "I knew that I wouldn't be widely undervalued or appeal to a lot of people," he said, "but that has little to do with why I'm down right now." He drew a copy of *Track & Field News* from his bag and turned to a chronicle of his companion in Europe after the Games, pointing out one stretch of nine meets in 12 days. "That shows how perverted we are sometimes, I guess. But through all that, I was aware of my own emotional stability. I think I am as healthy as you can be for being so interested in one thing. But somehow I haven't recharged mentally. I've done my training, running every morning, throwing twice a day, lifting two hours or more. I weigh 257, and it feels like 245. It is possible that I may reach the world record in the shot as well as improve the discus

one. But I'm down." But not too far down, because the next thing he said was, "It's refreshing in a way to be depressed."

All of this took place in the lounge of an old Los Angeles hotel, as Wilkins slowly shredded a list of available drinks, none of which he ordered. The sense of reassessment was confirmed when he said, "I've always had the feeling that I'm capable of doing something pretty special. Ultimately it won't be in track and field. I'm out to satisfy me, and knowing me that's going to mean more of an attempt at helping other people."

Wilkins mentioned Dr. LeRoy Perry, the controversial L.A. chiropractor with a wide following among athletes; the impression was that Wilkins has been thinking of becoming a chiropractor. "Whether you accept every method Perry uses, I think the sure of the man comes through in many different ways to make you feel better." His listener saw with some consternation that Wilkins had the look of a man making a decision. Later, when Wilkins was gone, an observer said, "I don't know the fellow, but those eyes ... I got the feeling that guy was going to do something, and do it right now."

In fact, all Wilkins had done was muse, simply saying, "Going from amateur athlete to chiropractor. ... You'd be outside the law all your life." 100



Both long and triple jumpers: Heatsen McTeer and Steve Ruddick are racing in the shot as well as improve the discus



Lightning Bob Smith struck to no avail at heavyweight Spinks and was grounded in the fifth round.

THIS WAS THE START OF SOMETHING BIG

Leon Spinks, hammering like a bazooka, and Howard Davis, slashing like a cat showed all kinds of promise in their professional boxing debuts **by Pat Putnam**

Howard Davis II, better known to Olympic boxing fans as John-John, came on first. For his pro debut at the swank Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas last Saturday afternoon, the shy 20-year-old gold-medal lightweight from Glen Cove, N.Y., had drawn Jose Resto, a Puerto Rican street fighter out of New York City, short of skills, surely, but with enough heart and stamina to go the distance against Leonard's 300 Spartans. Then followed Leon Spinks, the 23-year-old ex-Marine, his Olympic gold medal in storage, grown to heavyweight stature at 196 pounds and eager to dip into prizefighting's treasure house. For Spinks' pro debut they had imported Lightning Bob Smith, found in a butcher shop in Brooklyn, unskilled, unimpressed and unafraid.

To make the two six-round fight pack-

age more attractive, CBS brought in Sugar Ray Leonard, a third gold-medal Olympian, to do the color commentary. Leonard will make his pro debut against Las Vegas on Feb. 5 at Balaclava.

All three Olympians elected to pursue their pro careers under wholly diverse directions. After offering countless offers, Davis decided to sign with Dennis Rappaport and Mike Jones, two young Long Island, N.Y., real-estate men whose pro boxing experience was limited to spectators' seats at the Nassau Coliseum. "We're boxing nuts," says Rappaport. "But I did once fight for the University of Miami."

"And I fought a lot in the streets," said Jones last week. "And I used to fight for the heavyweight championship every night when I went to bed. But, you know

something, I always fell asleep before I got in the ring."

Davis signed for a bonus close to \$45,000, and Rappaport and Jones gave him a lifetime guarantee of a career in real estate, starting at \$125 a week until he learned the business. Howard Davis Sr., who guided his son to 120 victories in 125 amateur fights, four straight Golden Gloves titles, one world championship and the Olympic gold medal, returned as his trainer at \$250 a week.

"I think the thing that really sold us was that Rappaport and Jones showed us they cared about John-John as a person," said Howard Sr., who as an amateur heavyweight won 27 of 35 fights. As a professional, he said he had a perfect record: 0-3.

"All I was, was strong," Howard Sr. said, "the direct opposite of John-John, who is just naturally gifted. He's speed. I was brute strength. He jab and move; I wood and bled."

Howard Sr. had his last pro fight eight years ago at the age of 32. He was running a small gym when he got a call from Philadelphia asking him to send over a heavyweight. The pay was \$150. He went himself.

"John-John was 12 and showing a lot of talent for money," he said. "He needed a set of drums, but there was no money. The people in Philly told me the opponent was small and had lost twice of his only three pro fights. I figured I could slip around for six rounds. Heck, I did it in the gym with the kids all the time. When I got there, the fellow was 6'5", weighed 245 and had just knocked out 11 straight guys. He cut open my eye, and they stopped it after five rounds. The drums cost \$145."

He triggered a blackened right eye his son had given him in a recent sparring session and grinned. "I never did tell John-John where I got the money."

Discharged from the Marines in December, Spinks decided to join his lot with Top Rank, the Bob Arum boxing promotion group. His manager of record is Mike Barnes, who trained him as an amateur in St. Louis, but Burt Lewis, a Top Rank vice-president, will call all the shots. For a substantial bonus, Spinks gave Top Rank exclusive promotional rights for the next 4½ years. At the moment they are trying to coax Fidel Castro into letting Tom Stevenson, the Olympic heavyweight cham-

prom. fight Spinks at a neutral site.

Sugar Ray Leonard took a third round. First, his attorney, Mike Trainer, incorporated him, then he sold 21 short-term shares at \$1,000 each. All that the shareholders were promised was that their money would be repaid in four years, plus 8% interest. Then, said Trainer, "I'd like to open the closet door and let Angelo Dundee in." Dundee, who has trained or managed four world champions in addition to Muhammad Ali, agreed.

Resto and Smith, the two opponents, were flown to Las Vegas on Friday morning. Davis got \$17,500; Resto \$10,000. First offered \$5,000, Spinks received \$10,000; Smith got \$800.

A short, squat man with the neck of a weight lifter, Resto has a 12-58-7 record. "When I saw that 12-58 I thought it was his birth date," said CBS publisher Beano Cook.

"Don't sell the little guy short," said Teddy Brenner of Madison Square Garden. "The last time he was in a gym, it was by accident. Most of his fights were taken on one-day notice. He'll be there at the end."

Resto thought so, too. In fact, he predicted he would knock out Davis. "He's an amateur. There's no way he's going to beat a pro like me," said Resto. But he almost didn't make the fight. At the weigh-in, 24 hours beforehand, he came in 15 pounds over the 136-pound limit, and rushed off to a downtown gym where he sweated off the extra weight. Then he became so wrunged by his first contact with Keno that he was still up at 3 a.m. Saturday, staring in wonderment at the numbers board.

"Don't worry about my weight," Smith, who weighed in at 185, confided mysteriously. "I'll have it down to 180 by tomorrow. I didn't know I was fighting until three days ago, when they found me where I was, helping this guy at his butcher shop in Brooklyn, but I'm always in good shape. I saw Spinks fight on TV. He's crazy, he's wild. He's not developed like me. I'm really a tough guy and I've whopped them all—22 out of 25—and if he whaps me, he'll go all the way. But he can't knock me out; he's just an amateur. He's got to go up to Joe Frazier's gym and learn to fight."

The closest anyone could get to an official record for Smith was 6-3-1, spread over almost as many years. "Is that what

the book says?" said Smith frowning. "Well, I took a couple of years off when I got married and lost my power punch."

For both Olympians the only worry they professed was being able to go six rounds after years of fighting no more than three. Davis had confidence in his flashy moves; Spinks was certain no one could stand up to his firepower.

As it turned out, except as a stage for the Olympians, the fight was not terribly exciting. Resto was durable, but no match for the blinding speed of Davis, who soon was raining blows on Resto's stubborn and unbowed head. It is impossible to determine which are quicker: Davis' hands or feet. When he walks, both become blurs. Together they make his job seem eight feet long.

"Everybody says he is a thinking fighter," said his father, "but he doesn't think any better than me or you. It's just when he thinks of something he has the ability and the reflexes to do it. You and me, we'd think of the same thing; only thing is, we couldn't do nothing with what we thought about."

When the fight was over, Resto was still in there swatting at flies, and the three officials all scored it 30-24 for Davis. "He no hit hard enough," said Resto, who has been stopped only twice, both times on cuts. "All he does is tap, tap, tap." Then he was off to play some more Keno.

Smiling, Davis watched Resto leave

and decided they must have poured the little Puerto Rican from concrete. "Man, he's tough. But I'm glad it went the six rounds. I needed the boxing. It was a mental thing. I wanted to get that three-round habit out of my mind."

Now it was Spinks' turn. And Smith's. "You're going to see a combination Henry Armstrong and Joe Brown with a little Sugar Ray Robinson," said Smith. All anybody saw was Spinks' gloves—in combinations. While Davis is pure finesse, Spinks fights with ferocious abandon. For a big man, he is exceedingly quick, and he punches not so much to score points as to decapitate. Regardless from the opening bell, Spinks staggered Smith in the first two rounds, had him down in the third and fourth and had drilled his mouthpiece into the crowd when the referee stopped the bout with 20 seconds gone in the fifth round.

"That Smith would have made a hell of a murrin," said Spinks.

Sugar Ray Leonard was asked his impression of the two fights.

"John-John was superb," he said, "and Leon has that great killer instinct. All he needs is to learn to slow down and be more accurate. People forget. Doing something for the first time puts a lot of extra pressure on you. You're harder than you should. And I learned one very important thing: I enjoy it much more being outside of the ring talking than I do inside." **END**

Joe Resto went the distance with lightweight Davis, who said he didn't mind; he needed the work.



WHEREVER YOU FIND ORR, HE GLITTERS

Depending on the night, that could be up in the press box acting as an assistant coach or out on the ice inspiring the Black Hawks with his very presence. Either way Chicago is out of its tailspin and flying toward a divisional title **by Peter Gammons**

The Chicago Black Hawks finished up 1976—a year in which they signed Bobby Orr, the best hockey player who ever lived—by firing Billy Reay, their coach of 13½ seasons, who had more career wins (542) than any other active NHL coach. The Hawks skated into the new year led by a coaching cooperative, a troika of players that began operation with Bill White behind the bench, Stan Mikita at center ice and Orr keeping notes up in the press box. “In the 1960s the Black Hawks were the first to have a ‘Million-Dollar Line,’” said one NHL general manager. “Now they’re the first to have a million-dollar coaching staff.”

Last Wednesday night Orr shooked his pencil and note pad and, after being sidelined for 42 days and 19 games to rest his tangled left knee, returned to the ice to give the Chicago Stadium crowd its most dramatic moment in years. Six minutes into a game with the New York Islanders, Orr made his entrance on a Hawks power play—a play on which he had been drilling his teammates at his role as coach. Some 33 seconds later, Bobby took his patented short backswing and sent a slap shot whistling over the shoulder of Islander goalie Billy Smith, and Chicago was on its way to a 2-1 victory. It was stirring evidence that there is life left in a team that had been written off and in Orr as a player.

The firing of Reay three days before Christmas was met with mixed emotions. It had been called for, both by his players, who second-guessed him, and by the fans, who had watched the Black Hawks grow stale over the past few seasons. But management had something to do with the lapse, and when they swung the ax it was with all the sensitivity of an executioner. A month earlier, Black Hawk President Bill Wirtz had publicly outlined a reorganization plan that would have made General Manager Tommy Ivan a vice-president and Reay the GM. Then....

Reay was returning to Chicago from a Dec. 21 ice in Minnesota, due home around 4 a.m. His wife got up about one and found a note under the door of their North Side apartment, informing the 58-

year-old Reay that he was not only fired as coach, but also was no longer a part of the Black Hawk organization. “If I’d known Billy was going to be out of a job completely, I might not have agreed to become head coach,” said White. Goalie Tony Esposito said he would have to think about his future after the firing.

The only explanation of the firing ever made by management was a press release that failed to mention Reay’s 13-plus seasons and 516 victories with the Black Hawks. In fact, in all its 10 paragraphs it failed to mention Reay.

Injuries to three centers plus Defensemen Orr and Keith Magnuson had made Reay’s job exceedingly difficult this season, but it also seemed that in the last four years Reay had lost some interest in coaching. In the five seasons preceding 1973-74, the Hawks had been 723-100 with four first-place finishes, but in the past two seasons they had barely played at a .500 level, and the night the note was slipped under Reay’s door the team was 10-19-5 for the year. Not only were the Hawks weak, they were as exciting as a buttermilk-tasting contest, and crowds at the Chicago Stadium (capacity 17,100) were averaging less than 10,000.

“You just wouldn’t believe how awful we’d become,” says veteran Forward Pat Martin. “The team needed some kind of a shakeup.” “We just have too much talent to be struggling....” Center Jim Harrison started to say, then trailed off. What he was going to say was “to be struggling in the lackluster Smythe Division.” “The older players loved Reay and played for him,” says one young player, “but we younger ones were tied up in knots. Billy hated young players, and none of us played to half our potential. If this team’s going anywhere, the kids better be playing.”

After losing the first game under White, the Hawks are now 6-3-1, including victories over Toronto, Buffalo and the Islanders. And they have become

interesting. WHA refugee Harrison and John Marks are vying around hitting people and the offense has opened up for end-to-end rushes. Ivan Boldirev, a talented center who had been a disappointment after coming from California in 1974, summed it up after scoring both goals in a 2-1 win over Buffalo three weeks ago. “I used to dread coming to the rink some nights,” he said. “I just worried about not making mistakes instead of trying to play.”

That Jan. 5 victory over Buffalo evidently established White as coach. The next morning when he came to the Stadium he found his office had been painted and his name was on the door. Previously a couple of strips of adhesive tape covered Reay’s name and White’s had been scrawled on the door with a Magic Marker.

White would prefer to be playing, and at 37 would probably still be one of the game’s best defensive defensemen were it not for a back injury. “I guess the back’s shot,” he says. “They say I might be able



The Black Hawks' "million-dollar" coaching staff is made up of Orr, Stan Mikita and Bill White

to play next year, but a year layoff at my age would make it really difficult. So I don't know what the future holds. If we win the Stanley Cup, maybe they'd have me back as coach, but right now I'm just filing in. I don't plan to be back."

White walked into the job cold. "I'd been called assistant coach this year waiting to see if I could play," he says, "but I didn't do anything in practice or, after the first couple of weeks, even go on the road. I've gotten ideas from Stan and Bobby and other veterans. I've tried to get the team working a little harder, having practices the days of games, things like that. Itly didn't believe in practicing a power play, and Bobby's helped organize one and we work on it every day. But I still feel awkward."

One day former teammate Gene Ulbrich, now coaching in Chicago-area amateur programs, came into the office and White asked him for some advice. Ulbrich looked around and said, "Move your chair closer to the wall."

Mikita, who had been hurt and missed 23 games, makes light of his coaching duties. "There are a few things I might say to guys now that I wouldn't have before," he says, "but I'm having enough trouble trying to play. Bill White's the coach. That's the way it's got to be."

And Coach Orr? "If they think I'm

ever going to occupy this office of yours they're barking up the wrong tree," he said to White the other day. "I'm a player, not a coach. If I can't play, then I'll retire. I'm just doing what they ask me. Which is really nothing." But White and the players, one of whom called Orr an "encyclopedia," say he has helped immensely. Orr is a rarity among athletes, a man who refuses to dwell in the first person singular. And when Orr's attorney, Alan Eagleson, announced in Toronto that Bobby hadn't cashed a paycheck—he gets \$600,000 a year—while he was sidelined, an embarrassed Orr immediately and angrily phoned him.

That the Black Hawks need Orr, one way or another, is obvious. With Reay coaching, the club was 5-5-1 with Orr and the 18 points he scored; without Bobby the Hawks were 4-14-4. "He leads by his mere presence," says White.

Orr's reappearance on ice against the Islanders is an illustration of how White plans to use him. "There's no question he tried to come back too soon after his latest operation [his fifth] and do too much in the Canada Cup series and early in our season," White says. Indeed, Orr was the MVP in three of the seven Canada Cup games and was playing more than 30 minutes a night for the Hawks at the start of the season. "I'll use him



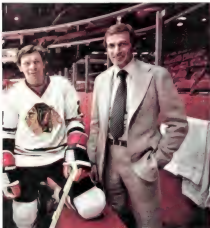
After 42 days of rest, Orr scored in 33 seconds

on the power play and the odd shift," says White. "That's enough to make a considerable difference. The problem is getting him to take it easy."

Orr took a dozen shifts totaling 13:57 against the Islanders, and afterward dodged reporters with a brief "I feel fine."

Despite Orr's dramatic return, bone chips are still floating around in his knee and Bobby cannot push off with his old acceleration. He rushed the puck cautiously and took only one check in the Islanders game. "Nobody wants to be the one to injure him," said Bryan Trottier of the Islanders. "He looks pretty bad right now," said teammate Lorne Henning. "He couldn't make the sharp cuts or quick stops. It's too bad."

But even a hobbled Orr might be enough. After all, the Smythe Division is so feeble that it can be won by any team that just ties all its games. In fact, with the All-Star break coming up, not one of the division's five teams is at .500, and neither Minnesota, Vancouver nor Colorado has won a third of its games. Yet one of them will be rewarded with a playoff berth, Chicago, closing in on division-leading St. Louis, has a good shot at the championship. Which goes to show that a million-dollar fine can give way to a million-dollar coaching staff without much being lost—so long as one of the coaches is also a part-time player named Orr.





BACK IN BUSINESS IN BOSTON

Dave Cowens shocked people when he quit the Celtics. Last week he was playing his game again, having decided that trading was not his path

by John Paparek

It was 6:30 on Friday evening when Dave Cowens' train pulled into North Station. It had been a harrowing ride for him, amongst throngs of people on their way to Boston Garden, specifically to watch his return to the Celtics after an absence of 65 days. Cowens' fellow passengers were not hostile. They yelled encouragement to him, told him they were glad he had returned, clapped him on the back, asked for his autograph. But all the attention made Cowens uneasy. He had taken the train in from his apartment in Wellesley because more snow was forecast, and now, at this critical time for him, he was already half an hour late for a game against the Portland Trail Blazers.

In the Celtic dressing room the rest of the players were suited up and sitting in front of their stalls. A fresh uniform hung in Cowens' locker and a pair of his lap-athletic-made Tiger shoes were on the floor. The Celtics were tense. Coach Tom Heinsohn was twisting his thumbs nervously through his belt loops. It had been this way in the Celtic locker room for most of the season. There had been con-

In his first outing, Cowens had Warren Moon to man, displaying his old flair for 21 minutes

tract bitterness with John Hovick and Paul Silas. Then Silas was gone, traded away, and new players arrived. Curtis Rowe and Sidney Wicks. Then, on Nov. 19, after a 4-4 start, Cowens started everybody by saying he was quitting his job, leaving the team and his \$280,000 salary. Finally, two days earlier, premier Guard Charlie Scott had broken his arm and was lost for perhaps the rest of the season. But tonight, at least, Cowens was coming back.

Now it was 6:35, and still no Cowens. Someone told Heinsohn to smile. His eyes widened, his nostrils flared, and he belched a long, loud humorless laugh. "My funny bone's been tested enough this year," he said.

Hovick, three months shy of 37 and suddenly a starting guard, tried to break the tension. "Well, everybody wants to know what's going to happen next," he was saying. "Here it is: a paramilitary unit in Burma hard-pressed for money comes to the Garden and holds all the players and fans for ransom—the players for their salaries, the fans for twice the face value of their tickets...."

At 6:37 the door was flung open and in blew Cowens. Heinsohn let out his breath. "Man," said Jim And, who had helped fill in at center in Cowens' absence, "they said you were everywhere but New Mexico."

Not playing for two months never did go quite the way Cowens had envisioned it. He spent some nice days over Christmas with the family on the farm in Cold Spring, Ky., worked out a bit, shot a few baskets, sold about 1,000 Christmas trees and put 6,000 miles on his van during leisurely pleasure-and-business trips between Florida, Kentucky, Boston, Houston, Philadelphia and New York. But he found that he did not stop being a celebrity simply because he was no longer playing. He was constantly asked by reporters why he left the game and when he would return. Cowens never understood why the questions never ended or why so many people seemed to care.

During the second week in December, Pres Hobson, general manager of the New England Patriots in Foxboro, Mass., arranged through one of Dave's friends to discuss with Cowens the possibility of Cowens taking a job at

the track. Hobson had known for some time of Cowens' interest in harness racing, that Cowens had owned a motor and that he had been thinking of investing in a breeding farm. The track (then known as Baystate Raceway) had been purchased the previous week—50% by a partnership of Edward J. Keelan and Dr. Thomas Carney, who own dog tracks in New England and Florida, and 50% by a group headed by Eddie Adelman, a real-estate developer known in Boston for his weekly radio talk show, *SPORTS HUBBIE*. A few months earlier Keelan and Carney had also bought Midwest Raceway in Henderson, Ky., about 30 miles from Cowens' home. The two tracks run meets in alternate three-month periods, and Hobson is also general manager at Midwest.

Hobson insisted that Cowens' natural connections to the two tracks—via the Celtics and his Kentucky home—were merely happy accidents. "I wanted a nice young person with unquestioned integrity and an interest in the business to take some of the load off me," he said. "I told him this was absolutely not a stunt for publicity, that he would have to work hard and learn to do all the things I do." Hobson offered Cowens the position of assistant general manager at both tracks, at a salary of \$12,500 at each. "What we would pay anyone who was just learning the job," he said.

What Hobson hadn't mentioned to Cowens was that Keelan and Carney were regarded as carpenibuggers by the folks in Kentucky, and that Keelan had awakened one morning with the stuporous idea of eventually installing Cowens as president of Midwest.

Cowens told Hobson he would let him know about the job after Christmas and headed to Kentucky, feeling renewed by the job offer. But he was back in Boston a week later, this time to attend the Celtics-Milwaukee Bucks game on Dec. 15, the night the Celtics were to retire the No. 19 worn by Cowens' close friend Don Nelson, now the Bucks' coach. Cowens thought he could slip into the Garden unnoticed. Instead, he was assaulted by photographers and reporters and pretty much turned Nelson's night into a fiasco.

After the game, reporters mined the

Celtics' dressing room for "gut reactions" to Cowens' appearance. The next morning's *Globe* carried a photograph of Cowens and a woman unidentified as his secretary. A box next to the photograph contained some "gut reactions." Jo Jo White: "What's he doing hanging around?" John Hovick: "We've got too many things to worry about in the game without worrying about where he is."

Cowens, deeply disturbed at the Celtic reactions, called Larry Whiteside, the *Globe* reporter who wrote the story, and said, "I didn't mean for it to happen this way. I know the guys don't mean it. But I can understand them being upset.... I certainly didn't want to ruin Nellie's night. All I wanted to do was see him honored and to be left alone."

Nonetheless, it was a running story for several days. Boston was down on Dave, believing he had indeed thumbed his nose at his teammates; for his part, Cowens made up his mind that he would not return to the Celtics this year. But he said that he would be back next season.

Continued

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIMMY HANCOCK



If Auerbach used no pressure, he did have a life.

with all his old enthusiasm. The day after Christmas he called Hobson and told him he would report for work at the track on Jan. 11.

Over New Year's, Cowens flew to California to visit friends at the same time the Celtics were making a West Coast swing. General Manager Red Auerbach tracked him down and asked him if they could get together with Celtic Owner Ivy Levin in Oakland on Dec. 30. Cowens agreed. It was a friendly session. As he had been since Cowens made his decision to leave, Auerbach was benevolent, making sure that things were going well for Cowens. Auerbach said he had heard about the racetrack job, and asked Cowens if he was sure he wanted to take it. Cowens said he was. Auerbach urged him to think it over, stressing that he was not trying to pressure Cowens into anything, just wanted him to do the right thing.

Eleven days later Cowens spoke to Auerbach on the phone and mentioned that he was driving up to Boston from Philadelphia. Auerbach said he was going to be in New York on Monday, Jan. 10. Why didn't Dave stop off and have dinner with him there? Auerbach and Cowens went to dinner at the House of Chien along with Paul Sarno, the executive advisor of the New York Post and Auerbach's close friend. Again, there was no overt pressure put on Cowens, just some

friendly chitchat from the benevolent general manager to the prodigal son. According to an account by Sarno, Auerbach said to Cowens: "I never put any pressure on you, Dave, have I...? You belong in this game. You've always belonged in it.... You know, Dave, we just came off a four and five road trip. The guys are knocking themselves out. We're not a clinch for the playoffs—and I'm still not putting any pressure on you but I'll tell you something. You know off that silly track and show up and we'll make the playoffs and we'll have just as good a chance as anybody else of winning it all." No pressure at all.

Auerbach also pointed out to Cowens, who hadn't thought of it before, that working for the track during the basketball season would represent a conflict with the Celtics, that people might choose to go to the track rather than to the Garden. That concept struck a raw nerve in Cowens.

The next day, the 11th, Cowens showed up at Foxboro on schedule and talked to some reporters, interrupting his discussion to smile and shake hands warmly with racetrack employees coming by to meet him. He was exploiting about the job: "Definitely not PR. I'm not trying to do anything shady here. I'll be at a desk writing notes, or out in the paddock. Nobody would even know I

was here if it hadn't gotten into the papers. I'm just here to learn things."

"But you're in the public eye," said a reporter.

"And I'll fight that till the day I die," said Cowens. "Even now, I stand here and compound it by talking to you. But there is no solution to it, unless I quit doing everything, never show my face, just go to a monastery. But then people would want to write about that."

"Then why go back at all?"

"Because if I didn't, I would be denying myself the privilege of doing what I do best."

"It's going to be worse when you come back."

"I know it, Listen. I believe I did the right thing. The worst thing in the world is to be confused. When I was confused I had to make a decision. What I did was selfish, but I couldn't think of any other way. I may look back five years from now and say, 'Boy, that was about the dumbest thing you've ever done.'"

Next morning Cowens picked up the papers and read a banner across the top of the *Herald American*: WHAT I DID WAS STUPID—COWENS. A piece in the *Globe* quoted Auerbach as saying, "We've checked out many things, and Pres Hobson is a fine person and very honest. But I can't say the same for horse racing. There are scandals throughout the business, and I just don't think it's a proper atmosphere for Dave. And that's what I told him."

This final assault got to Cowens. "I wasn't too happy when I read that story in the *Herald*," he said. Cowens drove to Foxboro and told Hobson and Andelman that it might be best if he turned down the job. He was going back to talk to Auerbach.

Cowens walked into Auerbach's office and surrendered. He told Auerbach he would rejoin the Celtics immediately—practice Thursday and be in uniform Friday night for the game against Portland. Auerbach returned him to the active list and reinstated his salary, lightened by the estimated \$102,000 his unpaid leave had cost him.

The Celtics also called a press conference at which Cowens delivered his one practiced line: "I came back because Jim Luskoff and Bob Brainin told me to. They both voted No. 18 and they were injured." Everyone laughed. Then Cowens said, "Everything got distorted



They brought Cowens in. Hobson, New England Racing Official, Andelman, and McCarthy.



"Valvoline won me over!"

"Valvoline has been in the oil business for more than a hundred years. That's a lot of experience. And that's why it's always been in every one of my cars. On the road, or in my business, I like things to run smoothly."

People were turning to Valvoline for lubrication and protection even before America had cars. In fact, Valvoline has been winning the world over since 1866.

With winning performances from the

international racing circuits to the interstate highways, and everywhere in between, it's Valvoline. With unbeaten engine protection for whatever you drive, wherever you drive it. Millions of people prove it everyday. Valvoline Motor Oil is winning them over. With quality.

Valvoline
Winning the world over since 1866.



Valvoline is a registered trademark of Valvoline Inc. © 1988 Valvoline Inc.



Introducing Le Car

In Europe, where driving is a passion, where people demand economy, performance and a car that's fun to drive, over one million people have bought Le Car. Now, a proven success, Le Car comes to America.



Les Features

Think of Le Car as a sports car with a back seat. In fact, with front wheel drive, rack and pinion steering and Michelin steel-belted radials standard, it actually handles and corners better than a lot of two-seaters.

Le Performance

Le Car will not bore you. With a 0 to 60 time of only 12.6 seconds, it runs away from Corgis, Chevettes and most everything else in its class.

L' Economy

"Best MPG car we've ever tested," said Car and Driver. 41 MPG highway/26 MPG city, according to EPA tests.* Remarkable economy when you consider the performance you get. (Mileage may vary depending on your driving habits, your car's condition and equipment.)

*California excluded.

Le Fantastic Ride

The problem with little cars, a harsh ride, is no longer a problem. Le Car rides so smoothly, even on rough roads, it'll amaze you.

Le City Car

Le Car is so maneuverable you can dart in and out of, around and through traffic. And Le Car fits in a smaller parking space than any other automobile sold in the U.S.



Le Weekend Car

Fold down the rear seat and you've got loads of room. Flip open the giant sun roof (optional) and take off for the country. Le Car makes long drives fun, instead of tedious.

Le Price

Le Car prices start at only \$3345, East Coast P.O.E.

Le Car by Renault

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

PALL MALL

NEW!

Only 7 mg. tar.
Lower than all the Lights.



PALL MALL GOLD 100's
The great taste of fine
Pall Mall tobaccos.
Not too strong, not too light.
Not too long. Tastes just right.



PALL MALL RED
with a filter.
America's best-tasting
king-size cigarette...
made to taste even
milder with a filter.



PALL MALL EXTRA MILD
Lower in tar than
95% of all cigarettes
sold. De-tarred but
not de-tasted.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Full Flavor 100's... 18 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 75.
Full Flavor Filter King... 18 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Full Flavor Extra Mild... 7 mg. "tar", .5-0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

whether I'm playing or not playing. So I might as well play instead of always explaining why I'm not playing."

That night the Celtics faced the Indiana Pacers. Cowens stayed home in Wellesley, in his apartment above the toy store, running the events of the last 65 days through his mind, wondering if he'd done the right thing by agreeing to return. For all their troubles, the Celtics had managed to remain close behind Philadelphia in the Atlantic Division with Ard and Tommy Bowell as the centers. But 55 seconds into the Indiana game, Charlie Scott fell under the Boston basket and broke his left arm. The Celtics lost 112-101.

At the Garden on Friday night Cowens dressed quickly. He refused to have his ankles taped, and no one asked for reasons. He tried to be unobtrusive when the Celtics came onto the floor to warm up, but the sellout crowd of more than 15,000 gave him a big hand. A names appearance would have satisfied them. But when Ard picked up three fouls in the first 45 minutes against the Trail Blazers, Heinsohn walked down the bench and pointed at Cowens. The invasion was the kind Garden fans reserve for things like seventh-game playoff victories and tearful retirements. It lasted for a full minute and when it was over Cowens got down once again to playing the game he loves. He had that look on his face that is not of this world. The fire was back. And so was Cowens.

After two months away from basketball, in 21 minutes against the Trail Blazers' Bill Walton he provided the Garden with everything that the return of Dave Cowens should have included: he went hard for the boards, triggered fast breaks, threw pinpoint passes, huffed his body for loose balls—winding up three rows into the stands once—led a 15-2 surge in a brilliant display of Celtic basketball at the end of the first half, forced Walton to shoot from behind the glass once and finally fouled out with nine seconds left after blocking two shots in a vain attempt at keeping the Blazers from increasing a 12-point lead to their final 107-92 margin.

With 50 newsmen crowding him into his dressing stall, Cowens pulled on his long jokes, then his clothes so quickly that he could hardly speak. Then he ran out into the snowy night to catch the train back to Wellesley.

THE



"Hey Zorkk, it looks like we're not the first sophisticated, highly-cultured form of being to land here."

Three Little Syllables

Excuse me, could you tell me whether you pronounce the 50th state *Ha-wah-ee* or *Ha-vah-ee*?

Certainly. *Ha-vah-ee*.

Thank you.

You're welcome.

I have always thought of Hawaii that way—in flashes, a one-liner. Say Hawaii to anyone and sudden brief images wash over him: undulating grass skirts. Waukū, Hāleloke doing the hula on Arthur Godfrey, Arthur Godfrey strumming the ukulele, Duke Kahanamoku swimming. *From Here to Eternity*, surfing, leis and Sugarloaf—which is ac-

tually in Rio de Janeiro, but which I have always confused with Diamond Head, which looms over Honolulu. Never mind; you get the picture. Aloha.

It is not surprising that Hawaii is so popular. At a time when theme parks are all the rage, Hawaii is the biggest theme park in the world. Theme parks are amusement parks with an identifying gimmick. To wit, Disney World, or Opryland in Nashville, which celebrates country music. Nashville itself used to perform this function, but now Opryland has been built to pull it off, with an entrance fee. Ultimately, there will be the ultimate theme park,



They're a-lo-ha, and in Hawaii they are as ubiquitous as McDonald's, of which there were 25 at last count. Are the islands becoming too commercial? Well, yes, hey, life is commercial
by Frank Deford



ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD GOEL



Worldland: the African veldt will be over here, and hard by it, separated by a replica of the Berlin Wall, will be The Best of Westminster Abbey. Worldland will be ideal for Americans because no one will have to worry about going anywhere to see the world, or about un-English tongues, un-American currency and "the water."

In the meantime, Hawaii is the best we have of theme parks. Aloha.

Hawaii, you see, is perfect. Officially it is every bit as American as Evanston, Ind. or Greater San Jose—those little beige people can vote and get into Diners Club, just like you and me. But it doesn't seem American. Hey, present company excepted, not really. The people are different sizes and colors and they wear funny clothes. There's

a toy language and live volcanoes and special music being played all the time. I took my first trip to Hawaii well before Christmas, but I always felt it was Christmas because Hawaiian music is played constantly, like Christmas carols in season. Aloha.

It is all indoctrination, which we undergo at the age of channelization, which is when we learn to recognize 1 through 12. By the time anyone actually arrives at Hawaii, the place is already constructed in the mind. It is propaganda. "Hey, we been working at this for 50 years," says the Hawaiian Visitor Bureau man, with a devilish smile. That which has him in the mind for years is brought to a fever pitch by the airlines even before you arrive. Departure lounges, thousands of miles away, are done up in

continued

Hawaiian decor. The stewards wear Hawaiian muumus, the stewards aloha shirts. There are Hawaiian place mats, Hawaiian pineapples, something dreadful named Aloha Punch. There is, of course, Hawaiian music. There are macadamia nuts. On United, you are given seven, in the same sort of triangular packet that usually contains a "non-dairy creamer," whatever, pray God, that may be. I love macadamia nuts, but just for the record, do not travel to Hawaii under the impression you can load up on them there cheaply. If anything, macadamia nuts cost even more in Hawaii. Aloha.

Even on the plane they start saying aloha. The only thing in Hawaii that comes cheap is aloha. If you have any sensitivity, you will come to shudder at those three little syllables. But it is a magic word, the key to the kingdom, the ticket to all the rides in the theme park, to Waikiki and Iiwaas and Don Ho, to Man Tais, the hula and Sugarloaf. In the old days aloha had help. It had the lei, which everybody got right after the boat docked, and you threw coins in the water for the "natives" to pretend to retrieve. But now, the boats are gone, the jumbo jets disgorging tourists at a dizzying rate, and the only ones who rate leis are members of tourist groups who are prepaid. Aloha.

My first impression of Hawaii—and the purpose of my visit was to second first impressions—is that it surely must be as glorious a resort as there is in the world. According to the Visitors Bureau, which will very shortly possess such sophisticated data that it can tabulate tourists by zip code and by "what side of the street they live on," 89.9% of the tourist sample queried in 1975 said that Hawaii provided an above average or superior vacation. In terms of climate, ambience, activity, beauty and so forth, Hawaii is simply very hard to beat. It is in the middle of nowhere, of course, but that is probably a saving grace, inasmuch as it keeps down the teenagers with their transistor radios, who overrun mainland vacation spots.

But it is the aloha connection that makes the islands so alluring for most Americans. Nothing else would account for the incredible popularity of certain awful institutions. The Iiwa, for example. Many hotels feature weekly luaus, most of which are conducted as engaging as a labe job down at the Sunoco. Before the roast pig is brought by some honks use the same show porter over and over, returning it to its residence in the freezer after displaying it, before the tedious historical hula show starts, the tourists are shepherded into line to have their pictures taken. The male visitors are photographed standing next to a picture-book hula beauty in artificial grass skirt, real bra and lei. The women are placed next to a bare-chested Hawaiian male. The camera snaps, the next tourist moves into place. The pictures are up on the bulletin board the following day. Buy yours and take it back to the mainland in proof that you actually connected with genuine hula natives. Aloha.

Surely, American tourists want desperately to believe that the islands are the racial paradise they are made out to be, that Hawaii, our last hope, has achieved the racial serenity the mainland never has. It has always seemed to me that even the worst American bigots would prefer not to be

what they are. Thus, it is easy for the island flacks to perpetuate the myth that Hawaii is still destined to produce "the golden man," to be the place where everyone has the same perfect hair and heart. In fact, the melting pot symphony. Racial resentments have not affected tourists the way they have, say, in the Caribbean, but out of sight of visitors, relations are uneasy and often raw. The Japanese (known slightly as Buddha-heads, who were first brought in as contract laborers in 1888 and have long since become the largest ethnic group, compete with mainland Caucasian Americans for control. The whites are called haoles (thowless), once a passive word meaning newcomer, but now a pejorative on the order of honky. The Filipinos (lilips) are down at the bottom with the few remaining full-blooded Hawaiians (principles) and with the Portuguese, who figure in the local version of Polish jokes. But the theme park runs smoothly, the single most favorable response the Visitors Bureau gets is that the locals are "warm and friendly," and I would certainly subscribe to that.

I cannot help but wonder, though, if it is a put-on, if the Hawaiian-Americans who service the tourist-Americans don't view us as enviously and suspiciously as Jamaicans and Mexican and Virgin Islanders do. That feeling is heightened away from the glitter of Waikiki, and especially in the other islands, where the country does not seem at all like the U.S. It is poor and it seems very Caribbean: corrugated tin roofs on old houses that often sit on stilts; skinny dogs pawing around; dirt roads and dirty children; faded Coca-Cola signs. There are many banana trees, too. Banana trees always seem to signal poverty. They are squat and off-green, and while they are cousins, more or less, of palm trees, the one makes us think of style and opulence, the leisure of the tropics, while the other recalls the hot squalor and ignorance of those latitudes. There is no Banana Beach, no Banana Springs for the beautiful people. Get away from Waikiki and all the magnificent resorts on all the islands, and there are a lot of banana trees in Hawaii. Aloha.

And then, as in any resort, where separating wayfarers from their cash is the perennial pursuit, there is an inordinate concern about money in the islands. Because it costs a great deal to ship anything to Hawaii, prices are high, and the inhabitants, isolated on their Pacific Eden, resent this presumed inequality. Now the tourist boom has escalated the price of things already there, the very earth. Can the Hawaiians afford Hawaii? On a guided bus tour I took all around Oahu for Alohaland, as it actually said in the bus destination window, the driver kept telling us the prices of houses, the rents of apartments we passed. He was obsessed by real estate. "Eighty thousand, and only three bedrooms," he said, shaking his head. "Five hundred and seventy-five dollars, including utilities," he revealed over the microphone. He pointed out shopping centers as if they were unique indigenous attractions. Coming back into Honolulu, he said, "On my right, is where the Utah worn down with 54 men, and on my left, the new Sears warehouse." Periodically, he would cry out, "Aloha," and everybody would obediently chant "Aloha" back at him.

Japanese vacationers take their own tours, and while American and Japanese tourists never seem to have to deal

with each other except when their buses pull up to the same scenic overlook, the Orientals definitely add foreign luster to the place. They are also very businesslike, even about their holidays. Although it takes several hours longer to fly to Honolulu from Tokyo than from California, the average Japanese stays only five days, while the average American stays 10 (and Canadian 13). Of the five days, the Japanese often turn over one to a pilgrimage to the site of the sinking of the Arizona, where they listen uncomfortably to the toll of the dead and injured, and shift from foot to foot behind their Nikors. American tourists tend to check about for concession stands, so they can ship pineapples home.

But the Americans seem very aware of the Japanese. Hawaii is the last outpost of the U.S., the extension of the West and the Sunbelt alike. All these years it has been a dream, a Shangri-la, and now we have met somebody else coming round the other way. A lot of U.S. tourists don't quite know what to make of this.

An elderly gentleman from suburban Buffalo struck up a conversation with me on the bus tour because he wanted to buy the right aloha postcards, and he couldn't remember which island we were on. This seemed to be a constant problem on my bus. I told him it was still "Aloha from Oahu," and then I asked him what he thought of his first visit to Hawaii. "Well," he said, "it's a lot like Florida, weatherwise. It's a lot like Tucson, too. Tucson in Arizona. We went there last year. Hawaii's a lot like Arizona, only it's got all your special elements, your kuan, your hale. And, of course, it's also got all these Japs around."

In keeping with this spirit, I pointed out how your Arizona likewise had Indians and Mexicans, and your Florida had Cubans. He shook his head at my ignorance. "No, no, no," he said. "I mean the Japs are around, in hotels and on buses, just like us Americans."

While Hawaii works so well because it promulgates its theme park "elements" so well, its diverse beauty is surprising. "The loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean," wrote Mark Twain (who is referred to in Hawaii as "our first copywriter"); Hawaii is so lovely that it is beautiful even when it is not. Sugarloaf, for example, is really quite brown and scruffy up close, barely a large knoll, and a romantic is terribly hurt at this revelation, like when you at last personally encounter a movie star and discover she is merely photogenic, only the sum of her best angles. Sugarloaf is like that: perfectly positioned and nothing else. How much did NBC pay to create its stylish new N? How much is that ship worth to Cathy Sark? Other theme parks have to hire all sorts of specialists to get a symbol, but Hawaii was given the perfect one—looming, background.

One can almost see God after He was finished making the Hawaiian Islands. They are volcanic, and an icon or two newer than typical American mainland. God was more practiced at making land by the time He put together Hawaii. And He was admiring His handiwork with some angels, and He asked for opinions, and the head marketing angel said, "I like it. It plays. But islands are islands. It needs a logo." So God gave Hawaii Sugarloaf.

The logo aside, everything else is so vivid. The colors come in great separate chunks: green land, blue water, white

surf, black rocks. There is not much blending; it is not a peaceful beauty but a striking one. And it is disconcerting to think how much of it came from somewhere else: the pineapples from Jamaica, the macadamias from Australia, the hale from Polynesia, the leis from India, the ukuleles from Portugal, the people from distant islands—even the sand on Waikiki is alleged to have been imported a half century ago from Manhattan Beach, Calif.

The Hawaiians never had a written language. The missionaries put letters to the sounds they heard and found out they needed only 12 letters, which is why Hawaiian sounds like baby talk. The whalers brought prosperity, but it took the Spanish-American War to illustrate conclusively how strategic the islands were. By the latter part of the 19th century, the native rulers were an anachronism. The last king, Kalkaia, is said to have once beaten three aces in a poker game by uncovering three kings and pointing to himself as the fourth. A man named Dole thought pineapple might work out. Others built a couple of Victorian hotels on the strip of beach in Honolulu that the island royalty had always preferred.

It used to take great investments in time and money to holiday in Hawaii. The rich came for the whole summer; as recently as 1933, barely 10,000 tourists visited the islands during an entire year. But so well had Hawaii marketed its exotic themes that people lasted after the place, and with each succeeding mode of more advanced transportation, the tourist numbers fairly leaped: first with the Pan Am Clippers, then the four-engines, the jets, the wide-bodies. Visitors topped the 100,000 mark in 1955 and went past a million in 1967; now the figure has reached three million a year, which translates into well over \$1 billion. So anxious are people to see Hawaii—just to be there—that they will spend way beyond their budgets in plane fare and the \$50-a-day hotel tariff, and then eat all their meals at McDonald's.

Almost all first-time visitors deplane at Waikiki, stay for a few days and then move on to one or more of the outer islands—or the "neighbor" islands as they are known now, so their feelings won't be hurt. Waikiki is only seven-tenths of a square mile and is saturated with 23,000 hotel rooms, up eightfold in barely 20 years. Drainage and sewage, never mind muggings and parking, are becoming problems, so it is to everyone's benefit to shuffle tourists on to Maui, Kauai and the title island, Hawaii, which is always referred to as the Big Island. Of these, Maui is now the hot one—"where Honolulu was 25 years ago"—and it will not suffer itself to be lumped with the rest of the neighbors as "the other Hawaii" in advertising.

I chose the Big Island; and nowhere else, in such a relatively small space, could so much that is representative of this earth be jammed. On mountains, still growing, that now crest at close to 14,000 feet, there is skiing much of the winter; below, there are beaches of black sand. There is Kilauea with its great moonstone crater that smokes and simmers and spatters, where Pele, the fire goddess, resides, and Mauna Loa, the volcano, always grumbling, ever ready to show us a sneak preview of hell (eruption information may be dialed 24 hours a day). The road from this charred furnaceland winds into displaced pastoral highlands that

continued

lack all tropical touches, where cattle and horses graze on large ranches, where the citizens wear cowboy clothes and tote firearms. There is no blue Hawaii here. And yet, just minutes from this rolling piedmont, there is stark desert, and, minutes away from that, the harsh rocky coast where fancy hotels must patiently wait more millennia for the lava flows to provide them with beaches.

Such wondrous diversity seems impossible. By the lowly standards of our "adult" society— isn't it revealing that adult is now a synonym for dirty?—Waikiki is a very seamen place. Who could ever forget that X-rated film classic *Hawaiian Thighs*? For anyone who loves this earth we live on, who marvels at its voluptuous body, a visit to the Big Island is like a torrid, lustful weekend affair. Waikiki is merely a party, maybe a party girl. The Big Island is a heavy physical relationship.

I stayed on the Kona coast a cove or two away from where Captain Cook met his grisly fate. A small statue, at a point inaccessible by land, commemorates his death. He was the first of his race to reach Hawaii, stumbling upon it on Jan. 18, 1778, when Washington lay huddled at Valley Forge. The Hawaiians had never before seen large boats (the word *moku* still means ship and island alike), and they took the captain for a god, an impression he did little to dispel. It was more in disappointment than anger that the natives turned on him when at last it seemed rather certain that he was something less, Aloha.

Ah, how quaint these illiterate primitives! One day, at my hotel on Waikiki, *Hawai'i Five-O*, the TV show, filmed a segment around the pool. The tourists didn't act any less deferentially in the presence of the show's star, Jack Lord, than the natives could have responded to Captain Cook. One woman, her bikini in nearly as much disarray as her mind, fairly ran into the ice-cream shop, screaming, "And Diane Clark is guesting! Diane Clark is guesting!"

Hawaii is a place where most people are active. One of the reasons why Waikiki Beach never seems to be as crowded as you would expect is that the average tourist in Hawaii only spends an hour a day basking in the sun. Waikiki is an open beach, too. There is still access from the street; there are no uniformed guards to screen at you if you don't have the right hotel key. But the hotels employ people to take care of the beach. It is clean and white. Generally speaking, you can tell all you need to about a society from how it treats animals and beaches.

Almost from sunrise, Waikiki is active, exuding a good feel. Soon after dawn, the surfers take up their places far out, where the waves break (it almost seems the surfers have been assigned the display role for the day, not unlike Sugarloaf, which surely must be put away at night, like the flag). Joggers splash along on the hard, wet sand, moving among fishermen, who still patiently ply the surf. There are only two strictures posted: NO FIREARMS ALLOWED and, under a huge banner tree just off the beach, WARNING: WEAR BIRD PROTECTORS. Otherwise you are on your own. The beachboys come out with rakes and begin to scrape the sand clean. Two aging gigolos take up a shady bench and scan the sports pages. One has his college ring

on—a college ring on!—and wears tinted glasses and Adidas track shoes. The other, from the texture of his skin, appears to have once been trapped in a tannery. And as his pelt has been browned by the sun, so has it blonded his hair (his eyebrows are dark). He wears sandals and short-shorts. He is too old for short-shorts. There is no hair on his legs. The sudden of male creases in the old beach type, bantling on past his time. This guy was probably a lifeguard or a surfer once, every Hot Day was a score. It was too easy, he never got over it, and now he is coming hard on 60, still wearing short-shorts but reduced to having to get up at dawn to check out the outfield talent that the young beach stars wouldn't look twice at.

A group of Japanese come out of a hotel onto the beach. The men are proper in coats and ties, the women prior in long skirts and stout high heels. Yes, of course they have cameras, and a couple of ladies even make a concession to the sand and remove their shoes. They all take pictures of each other on the beach, posed so Sugarloaf backgrounds. The two old gigolos and other Americans glance up idly. The Americans all wear loose-fitting, casual kimono-type clothes. The Japanese appear to have just stepped off Fifth Avenue.

The Japanese go back to the hotel for morning tea—or coffee, regular, and a Danish, I suppose. A catamaran lands. Pigeons with cherry-red eyes pick at the sand. The place is filling up. The gigolos put down the sports sections and contemplate a chubby middle-aged arrival, deftly evaluating her with the classic code language of their trade. She has a T-shirt over her bikini; it says *HERE TODAY, GONE TO MAUI*. She takes it off, sits on her towel and begins to put on her special Hawaiian tanning lotion. Hawaii has got everybody who comes to the theme park so buffaloned that visitors are cheerfully deluded into believing that somehow the sun that shines on the islands is different from the one that heats down elsewhere.

The sun is hot by now. On the principal Waikiki thoroughfare, Kalakasa Avenue, the puka-bead shops are already in full swing. Aloha postcards, aloha hats, scarves, decals, ponies are beginning to move. If this were Dallas, there would be the same junk with "Cowboys" stamped on it. They probably sell a ton of Jayhawk panties in Lawrence, Kans. The tourists are eating Eggs McMuffin or meeting the day's tour guides. Many are reflecting solemnly about how commercial Waikiki is. The most unfavorable comment that the Visitors Bureau receives is that Waikiki is too commercial.

This, of course, is our great modern affliction: that something is too commercial. It is supposed to prove how sensitive we are. I was at a party not long ago where a guy said he and his family were swearing off rational parks (that's what he said: "swearing off") because they had become too commercial. Everybody nodded sorrowfully at this disgraceful condition and commended him on his noble sacrifice. Every pseudoscientist provides the same woeful expertise. Sports have become too commercial. Christmas is too commercial. The elections are too commercial. Toys are too commercial. Doctors are too commercial. The Bicentennial was too commercial. What was the first thing Jimmy

Carter said after he was elected? The inauguration was too commercial. So Waikiki is too commercial.

Well, yes, hey, life is commercial. Surprise. This is no longer the Fertile Crescent with everybody sitting around eating nature's own pomegranates. If something is good in 1977, it is going to be commercialized. In the old uncommercial days, you had to be discerning about many things now taken for granted. You had to make sure the food wasn't spoiled. You had to stock firewood and make educated guesses about birth control. The least we can demand of people nowadays is that they don't just rail at everything being commercial, which it is, but that they apply some old-fashioned discernment to the matter. Just because there is a whole lot of commercialism running around doesn't mean you have to indulge in all of it. It is my experience that precisely the people who put on the phony hair shirt and moan about things being too commercial are the ones who would expire from lack of pollutants, who would go berserk if they had to endure two days on vacation without scuba lessons at the pool and left-hand-turn lanes.

Of course Waikiki is too commercial. Of course most all resorts are. If they weren't, people wouldn't go to them. But the point is, Waikiki is not too commercial unless you let it be. I found it be—the beach, the bustle, the tumult—to be very real, as genuine in its way as smoldering volcanoes and sultry rain forests. What is so patently false about Hawaii is all the pretentious rubbish purwed off as culture and tradition. If I was told once, I was told 100 times that there are now 25 McDonald's on the islands. This was always said with a sense of doom, and so I never knew how to react properly to the news, because McDonald's neither frightens me nor heralds the end of civilization. The people I saw eating at McDonald's appeared infinitely more contented than those who had forced themselves to attend a luau.

My advice is, if you are looking for the most real glimpse of Hawaii, go see Don Ho perform. The hula and the hula—all that stuff was culture once upon a time, but it is a straight-out fraud now. Don Ho is culture now. He is also commercial; also, I could not abide his act. It was boorish and overdone, and often puerile. But it is utterly fascinating, because when you get up to go, you recognize, as I did, that you have experienced what Hawaii truly is.

Don Ho (it is impossible to call him *Hoi* somehow betrays the confluence of what Hawaii has become and what the tourists expect. He is the personification of the islands (something the mainland haole Jack Lord could never be). Chinese in name, but "chop suey" when all his strains are totaled up, it is not true, but a revealing rumor nonetheless, that he is paid \$1 million a year by the Visitors Bureau not to defect to Vegas.

Many cities used to be instantly connected with an entertainment star, but most cities (or states) now are associated with sports people: Johnny Bench of Cincinnati, Bear Bryant of Alabama and so on. Al Hirt in New Orleans might be one exception to this rule. Don Ho is certainly the other. And he has the place completely to himself. World Football and World Team Tennis are the only "big league"

operations ever to try to make a go on the islands. Don Ho is the only superstar on the Aloha team.

He operates out of a supper club located in the heart of Waikiki next to Don Ho Lane. It is known as the Polynesian Palace, and for the refreshingly the tourists are jammed in like cordoned. The people on tours, with prepaid tickets, get the best seats, the ones with tables. The minimum is two regular drinks or one "exotic" drink—a Mai Tai or a Chi Chi or a Tahitian Ichi or a Surf Sunset, any of those sugary treats that come with pineapple slices and little parakees sticking out of them. Don Ho bellows, "Suck 'em up," periodically throughout the show and the haole's respond dutifully. If you order the exotic drink, you get to keep the special Don Ho glass.

Don Ho suddenly emerged as Mr. Hawaii several years ago, notably on account of his theme song, *Tiny Bubbles*. He succeeds, I am sure, because while everyone else in Aloha-land puts on a stylized little happy face, he scowls. After days of hearing alohas rained on you like call letters of a rock-'n'-roll station, there is something dear about a mean little man who refuses to smile, who, in fact, glowers and shouts, "Suck 'em up, gran'ins." Don Ho also professes to despise *The Hawaiian Wedding Song*, and between numbers he enriches the audience with crude jokes about honeymoons, bathrooms and ethnics. The night I saw him, by far his own greatest amusement and that of the adoring crowd came from his considerable repertoire of gaps about passing wind. That brought the house down. (Of course, to give the devil his due, Don Ho did restrain himself for 45 minutes—44½ over the aloha average—before delivering a double entendre based on the word lei.)

Don Ho's constituency is older women, a singular honor that he shares with one other crooner, the rosy-cheeked Las Vegas staple, Wayne Newton. But whereas Newton is all confectionery, the consistency of cotton candy, Don Ho is lecherous and lewd, an exotic tough guy. Newton is the safe good son, Don Ho is the daring bad son.

When he growls, "Where are all my favorites, the gran'mas?" they hop up, the old gals, drop their canes and the scales from their eyes, and scurry to the stage where they gladly wait in line as Don Ho plants a wet, open-mouthed kiss on each. For the most favored, he also pinches rear ends and speculates on the sexual activity of the aged. At one point he takes his shirt off and carries on that way for a time, and whenever he deigns to sing, the room turns instantly reverent. Don Ho does not miss a trick. Near the end, juxtaposed with his final dissertation on stomach gas, came a reverie about the glory of being an American. The final number, I want to tell you, was not *Tiny Bubbles* but *God Bless America*.

It was a mighty happy bunch that poured out of the Polynesian Palace, clutching their special Don Ho glasses. Certainly, all the gran'mas had them and almost all of the couples in matching muumaus and aloha shirts. I suppose Wayne Newton makes women feel safe in such a hand, evil place as Vegas, and I suppose Don Ho provides the reverse function in Hawaii, supplying a little candor and edge to all the sugar goo. A little eruption now and again is not all bad. Eruptions made the place, after all. Suck 'em up. *Ar Revivir*.

CONTINUED

Tank Heaven for Not So Little Girls



Annette Kellerman would love it. Tank suits—or racing suits, one-piece suits, maillots—are back. Not that they ever were away; it's just that this year they're what everyone, not only the Enders and Babashoffs, will be wearing. But Annette wouldn't recognize them. Even the new Speedo (above, \$27) is super snug and snazzy. This is also the year that Head gets into the swimwear game; its racing suits will be in the stores in April. On the cover, Lena Karsbod collapses with laughter in Head's sprint suit of nylon and spandex (\$34), while Barbara Minty (right) looks tigerish in Head's Lycra-and-nylon tank (\$32).—Jule Campbell





For racing or just looking pretty nifty, cover girl Lena lines up in a two-color suit of candy-colored Lycra and nylon made by Head (\$30). The high neckline helps to cut down on scooping water.

Stripped for action on a Waikiki beach, Sweden slugger Karlsson (right) flexes what passes for a broads in a suit with flat cross-straps in back that reduce air bubbles and drag in a flip turn (\$30).

Cheryl Tiegs glows lustriously at sundown on Elugu Beach in a Lycra-and-nylon meshlet traced with metallic knit. High-legged and low-backed, it is designed by Monika Tilley for Elton (\$30).





Off to a good start, Lena is sublime in Head's sublimatic (or heat transfer) chlorine-and-sun-resistant Antron tricot-knit training suit (\$19).







Emerging from the Pacific, Barbara is all set for an almost all-over tan in a quick-drying nylon-fishnet suit with Lycra clouds to make it legal. Monika Tilley designed it for Elan (\$32).

On dry land, Barbara is peachy on Polo Beach in a lace-trimmed, Artoni-and-Lycra suit suitable for sunning and swimming (we kid you not), by Bonnie August for Danskin (about \$20).





A hut built by Paul is perched above one of two shaded beaches used by guests of the Hale Koa Hotel, Waikiki.



Center court of Wailea resort is a Greek amphitheater.



Two Wailea resorts with Wailea Hotel, 4000 eight-story hotel.

C. Pardee, Jr. man works the 22,000-acre cattle ranch at Ulukouka, overlooking the Maui coastline and the Wailea resort.



Maui Is in the Chips

Both those that help avoid the crunch and those that crunch. New resorts such as Wailea are attracting a million visitors a year to the Hawaiian island, where the lucky few will sample the best potato chips in the world

by Richard W. Johnston

The people who carved Wailea out of the hilly seaside dunes on the forward flank of Maui's great dormant volcano, Haleakala, have a careless habit of referring to their creation as a "destination resort." They don't really mean it, but they should watch their language. Wailea is both more—and less—than that, and in this case less also is more. The phrase is a sort of real estate Newspeak that popped up during the '60s and it is about as definitive as saying Secretariat is a horse.

A destination resort can be anything from a place you can't get out of once you're there and wish you could, to a place you never want to leave. Wailea's sponsors, naturally enough, hope that it will prove to be the latter. The prospects, as indicated on the previous pages, are pretty good that it will. Especially if it is described accurately: a planned residential resort community. As such, it is the first of its kind in Hawaii.

The theory behind the destination resort is that it will anticipate and fulfill every visitor's every need, desire or whim. A destination complex, such as Maui's four-hotel Kaanapali resort near Lahaina, the onetime seat of both the Hawaiian monarchy and the whaling industry, comes pretty close, but it is a tall order for the lone, isolated hotel, which all too often exaggerates its capabilities. Ruined survivors of these old and failing or new and fast-buck hostels have given the "destination" label a bad name.

Even the best (among them Mauna Kea on the Big Island of Hawaii and Maui's Hale-Maui) eventually run afoul of Thompson's Law, a standard set some years ago by the editor of a once-famous (but now defunct) weekly magazine whose bride-to-be had booked the honeymoon at a remote, one-hotel Mexican village. "I won't go anywhere where if I get in a fight with the bartender I can't walk out and find another bar," the editor said. The Thompson went to Acapulco, are still happily married, and the lawyer is editing a famous (and now flourishing) monthly magazine.

The search for a friendly bartender is, of course, only a symbol of the variety (and the options) many travelers prefer. While it is unlikely that the officers of Alexander & Baldwin, Inc., one of Hawaii's legendary "Big Five" sugar and pineapple firms, had ever heard of Thompson's Law when they began planning Wailea in 1969, they were in complete agreement with its strictures. From the outset they were de-

termined to group residential condominiums around at least two, probably three and conceivably four luxury hotels, not cheek by jowl as in Waikiki but within pub-crawling distance of each other.

A&B and its prospective co-developers, Grovenor International (Hawaii) Ltd., originally called the resort The City of Flowers, but this sounded a slightly terminal—one could even say foretold—note, especially when linked with "destination." Wailea, the Hawaiian word meaning "waters governed by Laka, the goddess of canoe making," was finally chosen. There was no argument about what to do first: commission an 18-hole golf course and build a clubhouse, as a signal that something was afoot in the wilderness.

A Phoenix architect, Arthur Jack Snyder, designed an 18-hole links, one that conformed to the rolling terrain a few hundred yards uphill from the seashore, which is scalloped by five lovely crescent beaches. Before the course was finished, Grovenor had dropped out, but A&B went ahead, anyway. The first nine opened in December 1971 and the second six weeks later.

If A&B had launched a moon rocket out of the southwestern Maui wilderness, it could hardly have attracted more attention. In no time at all, the Wailea course was outdrawing the isolated beaches of Makena, where rumors of hippies bathing nude and sometimes acting in pornographic movies were all that attracted visitors to the area. Early in 1972 Northwestern Mutual Life became co-developer, and the two firms set up a joint-venture subsidiary, Wailea Development Company. What it has developed so far is an 11-court tennis complex, complete with clubhouse and bar; the first 300 of a projected 3,600 condominium units; a town center, which by summer will be in business with a bank, stores and an art center; and a 358-room luxury hotel, the Inter-Continental Maui (rates: double room, \$45 to \$53), with four restaurants and two bars. A second hotel, the Wailea Beach, to be operated by UAL's Western International Hotels subsidiary, will open early in 1978, and that will give Wailea a minimum of 10 bars, all within walking distance of each other—if the promulgator of Thompson's Law is listening.

Even at this early stage, Wailea is a knockout. For one thing, it is off green, intersected by sweeping avenues and adorned by extravagant plantings. For another, the first con-

continued

dominium village, Ekahi, offers its residents four swimming pools, two paddle courts and a beach pavilion, plus unlimited access to the tennis club and the golf course. Bulldozers are now shaping a second 18 to be ready by December. By then the developers will have spent \$60 million on Wailea, and they are prepared to spend \$40 million more.

With its multiple sports opportunities and its beaches shelving into the sheltered waters of the Lahaina roadstead, Wailea may, indeed, attract both visitors and residents who will never want to leave the resort grounds. But the developers have no desire to wall in guests or buyers, even with amenities. They are selling Maui as well as Wailea.

In 1966, before Wailea was even a gleam in the corporate eye, the late Kai Lee wrote a popular song about Maui. The ballad, *Lahaina Lani*, declared: "They say that Maui no ka oi, and I agree/'Cause Maui no ka oi is the only place for me.' No ka oi means 'the best,' and if Maui was the best even then, how come nobody noticed it for so long? After all, it is second in size only to the island of Hawaii, its 10,023-foot Haleakala is the world's largest dormant volcano, and environmentalists have long praised 'heavenly' Hana, virtually isolated from the rest of the island on Haleakala's rain-drenched, verdant northeast shore, as 'the last Hawaiian place.'"

The fact is that for nearly 100 years the Baldwin and the Alexanders and their relatives, the Waterhouses and the Cookes and the Riccos and the Camerons, to name just a few, ran Maui as a sort of feudal agricultural fief, though not to the total exclusion of such friendly Big Five rivals as American Factors (now Amfac) and C. Brewer. Nobody was barred from Maui, but nobody was invited, either, except for Japanese and Filipino laborers imported to work in the canebrakes and pineapple fields. As late as 1960 only 300,000 tourists came to all Hawaii, and of that number a bare trickle reached Maui, which had no roads aimed at tourist comfort and few hotels except for the Hana-Maui, which was priced beyond most visitors' reach, and the old Pioneer Inn in Lahaina, which was built in 1901 and looks as if it hasn't been renovated since.

What popularized Maui was the decision by Amfac to diversify. Around 1960 its board voted to convert 500 scenic acres of the company's Pioneer Mill Company, just above Lahaina, into the Kaanapali resort complex, a mix of hotels and condominiums. Two years later the Sheraton-Maui hotel opened almost simultaneously with the Royal Kaanapali Golf Course, and in 1964 the Canada Cup—now called The World Cup—golf matches were played there.

The tournament helped draw more than 100,000 tourists to Maui, and after that, as Kaanapali expanded (there are now four hotels and countless condominiums on the shore north of Lahaina), the visitor count rose. It passed 400,000 in 1969 when A&B picked up Wailea's acre as part of its acquisition of the Maiken Navigation Company.

The odds against turning Wailea green might have daunted a mainland speculator, but not A&B, and for good reason: in 1835 the firm's progenitor, the Rev. Dwight Baldwin, a Harvard-educated medical missionary, came to Lahaina with his wife and two infants to fight the devil, who was in residence there along with King Kamehameha III. Although Lahaina was the capital of the Hawaiian monarchy, it could have served as a prototype for Dodge City.

It was, in fact, Maui's first destination resort: the liberty port, refueling station and transshipment point for the hell-raising whalers out of New Bedford, whose motto was: "No God west of Cape Horn."

Dwight beat the devil by helping convert the king. His son, Henry P., beat the desert, i.e., most of Maui except for the northeast coast, by digging a ditch all the way around Haleakala's north flank to transform the arid isthmus linking the island's two land masses into what in time became a 32,000-acre sugarcane plantation. In the ensuing years, Baldwin and Baldwin connections won control of most of Maui. It is small wonder that watering Wailea's 1,450 acres presented only a minor challenge.

Today some of the critics who used to lay the Baldwin as exemplars of the anti-missionary cliché—"The missionaries brought the word of God to the land of the Hawaiians and now the Hawaiians have the word of God and the missionaries have the land"—are complaining because A&B has joined in the quest for the visitor dollar. In 1976 the island attracted more than a million tourists, and over the recent holidays Maui's hotels were booked solid. Old-time residents grumble that the island is being overwhelmed by tourists, and in a way they are right. The developers are well ahead of the county, which is responsible for the roads.

But that may be a pity. Starting at Waikiki, it is possible to see, if not really appreciate, nearly all of Oahu in a single day. Even on the Big Island of Hawaii the points of interest can be covered between dawn and sunset, with a little strenuous driving and minimal attention to scenery. But on Maui they cannot—distances are not great by mainland standards, but there are no freeways (most people, developers included, hope there never will be). Maui must be unpeeled, like one of its famous onions, a layer—and a day—at a time. It is a minimum three-day island. As is said in Hawaii, "Mo' i betha!"—say, three weeks or three months.

The short-term visitor has a choice: either to luxuriate on the white sands and green fairways of Wailea or Kaanapali, with a few hours reserved for quick dips into Hawaiian history and cool drinks in Lahaina, or to spend three wearying days exploring the island. If he opts for exploration, he'll need one day to drive the zigzag road to Haleakala's summit for a glimpse of the vast crater, with its cinder cones and rare silversword plants; another for Hana, over the 19th-century rain-forest road, with its 37 one-lane bridges, that leads to the little town, the Seven Pools (sacred only to press agents) and the grave of Charles A. Lindbergh; and the third for Wailea, Kihei, the south shore fishing port of Maheua, the carefully preserved antiquities of Lahaina—where charter boats go out for red snapper, ahi (yellowfin tuna) and blue marlin—the Kaanapali resort and the stately pines of Kapalua.

In three weeks a visitor can experience both options, and others. He can drive all the way around Haleakala, a rough but rewarding experience that should be undertaken in four-wheel-drive vehicles. He can hike a little way into Hana's mysterious Kipahulu Valley, still not entirely explored, which has yielded more than 200 plants and flowers not previously known to be indigenous to Hawaii (it sometimes rains nine inches in a single day in Kipahulu). He can push through Waikuku-Kahului, the county seat and site of the Maui airport, into the West Maui Mountains' Iao Val-

ley, where Kamehameha the Great crushed Maui's last defenders. And, in the summer months, he can make a three-day pack-trail trip through the Haleakala Crater.

But it is the three-month—or maybe forever—visitor who is most likely to conclude that Maui is truly *no ka oi*. In that time, with a little luck and possibly a few introductions, he may get to know C. Purdee Erdman, a 45-year-old Princeton graduate in petroleum geology who in 1963 bought storied Ulupalaua, a 22,000-acre ranch on the mountain's southwestern flank. With a dozen or so *paniolo* (cowboys), Erdman runs 5,000 cattle, views the world through an office window flashing with miniature prisons, and is sponsoring a displaced Napa Valley youth named Emile Todeschi in an effort to launch a vineyard. Todeschi has planted eight acres with 140 grape varieties and thus far has produced a good chenin blanc, three lesser vintages and, *mirabile dicta*, a drinkable pineapple wine.

Not far from Ulupalaua, but 1,000 feet higher in the upper reaches of Kula, is the restored mansion of Masaru (Purdy) Yokouchi, who is living proof that you don't have to be a Baldwin—or even a Caucasian—to succeed on postwar Maui. Purdy got his nickname as a child when he hawked—and mispronounced—*puo doce* (a kind of bread) from his father's bakery through Maui's Portuguese colony. Purdy sells real estate and is Maui consultant for Seibu, the Japanese development firm that this year will begin building a major resort (complete with a 36-hole golf course) just south of Wailea. His parents came from Japan to work in the fields. Today Purdy sleeps in a bed once occupied by the Earl of Sandwich, who was James Cook's patron when the British captain "discovered" Hawaii.

Purdy Yokouchi is rich and has no desire to be famous. Dewey Kobayashi is famous, could be rich, and has no desire to be either. Yokouchi makes deals. Kobayashi makes potato chips, and he wishes gourmets would quit calling them the best potato chips in the world (though he concedes they are). His tiny factory (it employs only 14 people) turns out only 10,000 twin-pack bags a week. "Ever since that *Wall Street Journal* story [front page, Oct. 15, 1973], all I get is orders, orders, orders," Dewey Kobayashi says. "Expand, expand, they all say." Why not, Dewey? "Who needs the trouble, the forms, the red tape? I send a few chips to Honolulu, the rest here. That's enough."

It isn't nearly enough, as anyone who has ever eaten a

Maui Potato Chips Factory "Kitch'n Cook'd" chip will attest. At the only Honolulu store granted chip privileges, a line of customers forms on delivery day in the hope of getting a twinpack bag (one to a customer). Even on Maui only two hotels—the Inter-Continental Maui and the Royal Lahaina at Kaanapali—are favored with Dewey's wares. Kobayashi's "secret" is simple: every year he tours Oregon, Washington and Northern California fairs, tasting, testing and choosing his potatoes much as a wine-buyer surveys the vineyards of France. The potatoes are mechanically peeled and sliced and popped into contaminated oil. Then they are hand-dried, hand-salted and hand-packaged. No preservatives. No tricks. And no more.

The visitor must seek out the Erdmans, Yokouchis and Kobayashis, but it is no fun to find "High School Harry" Givens. He presides, from a hammock slung above the bar, at the Windtalk Lounge at the Kaanapali resort's private airport. It takes a while to become a regular, though Harry, a former racing driver, will make even a stranger what Honolulu Columnist Tom Horton considers "the best Bloody Mary in the world." (Unless he likes a bizarre combination of agave, vodka, Tabasco, Worcestershire and assorted salts and peppers with his tomato juice, the stranger may not quite agree—but he won't forget it, either.)

As is often the case, some of the most interesting characters on Maui are involved with food and drink. Don Drysdale (yesh, that Don Drysdale) has a pub in Lahaina, and the Lahaina Yacht Club gets both locals and celebrities (Peter Fonda, for one) and, to quote Horton again, "isn't cluttered up with a lot of yachts." It is a safe bet that Maui has two to three times as many really good restaurants in any other American city of 50,000 (the whole island, plus Molokai, Lanai and Kahoolawe, makes up the city and county of Maui), but except for Robaire's, a fine French restaurant, one should go quickly through Kihui, the tacky eight-mile resort strip above Wailea that has the gall to include itself in "the Maui Gold Coast." For Kihui, nickel would be closer—nickel and dime. As Purdee Erdman says, much of Kihui seems to have been planted by the Maui Wall-to-Wall Asphalt Landscaping Company.

And if good hotels and restaurants, first-rate golf courses, unsurpassed beaches, a mighty (if dormant) volcano and, in Hana, the last real bastion of the old Hawaii, aren't enough to satisfy the visitor, how about an X-rated whale show? The Lahaina roadside, once the domain of New England whalers, is now the mating ground of the humpback whale. The whales are visible all along the western shore, but they seem to have a special preference for Wailea. From January through March, a guest at the Inter-Continental Maui may view their courtship rites and perhaps even hear their famous song. Researchers may someday discover that what the whales are singing is Maui *no ka oi*.



School of hard Knoxville

Tennessee has had its troubles, what with the coach in a hospital and one of its stars suspended, but now both are back and the Vols are looking plenty tough

The coach is out of the hospital, the star player is out of jail and last week Tennessee came out of the Southeastern Conference shadows to upset second-ranked Kentucky 71-67 in overtime. Mary Harman, *Mary Harman* fans, stay tuned, stay tuned. There may yet be a happy ending to the basketball psychodrama that is unfolding in Big Orange Country.

Until the troubles of Job descended on him last fall, Vol Coach Ray Mears was anticipating his best of 21 collegiate seasons. So much so, that before fall drills began he ordered practice jerseys with the insignia of the Omni on their backs. Atlanta's Omni happens to be the site of the NCAA championship tournament this year, and Mears says he wanted the jerseys to motivate "the best material I've ever had."

Sackcloth and ashes might have been more appropriate. Between Sept. 11 and Oct. 23, Forward Bernard King, half of the fabled "Bernie and Ernie Show" and twice SEC Player of the Year, was arrested for possession of marijuana, reckless driving and drunken driving. Each incident was like a poison dart to Mears, whose system has always been based on discipline and repentance, both on and off the court. Obligated to punish his star, Mears imposed an indefinite suspension. Thirteen days later, Mears was admitted to a hospital, suffering from "nervous exhaustion."

Even though Mears had a similar disability in 1963, his first year at Tennessee, many believe that King's misadventures put the coach in the hospital this time. King sees no connection. "Coach works too hard," he said last week. "He brings it on himself." Mears readily admits that King has been a handful, but he does not blame him for his emotional problems. The shock treatment Mears underwent, he says vaguely, was to "clear my mind of things that had gone on in the last few months."

During Mears' absence, Associate Coach Stu Aberdeen ran the team and King practiced with the reserves. Nevertheless, Tennessee won its first three games, but when King finally returned to the lineup the Volunteers immediately lost two of three—83-78 to Duke at home and 88-77 to San Francisco in the Utah Classic.

"Bernard and I work together as well as any two players in the country," says Grunfeld, the Ernie half of Tennessee's star act. "But after practicing and playing in his position—with my back to the basket—I couldn't just snap my fingers and return to my old wing position. It was a tough adjustment for everyone." And King admits, "I wasn't ready to come back when I did."

Mears was discharged from the hospital in mid-December and he sat quietly at the press table during the Volunteer Classic the following two nights. It was not until the start of the conference season in early January that Mears resumed control of the team. "That was the deal I made with my doctors," he says, "but my staff knew how I wanted things done."

With a 6-2 record after winning the Classic and all hands aboard, the situation had pretty much returned to normal. In other words, King and Grunfeld were each scoring around 25 points a game, and the other three starters were grabbing whatever scraps were left. This is about all it takes to win at Tennessee, because Mears goes to the bench about as often as most people go to St. Moritz.

"Yes, we have a stat system," he says. "You have to go with your strength, and I tell the other players to be patient and let Grunfeld and King win or lose it for us. We tell the others that their time will come later."

And it works. Two freshmen, Center Reggie Johnson and reserve Chuck Threeths, are already looking forward to a "Reggie and Chuck Show." And vi-



Dynamic duo: King shoots as Grunfeld watches

etan Guards Mike Jackson and Johnny Darden willingly comply with whatever Mears orders.

"There must be a hundred teams in this country that I could lead in scoring," says Jackson, who is averaging 17.5 points a game. "I might even be an All-America. But I don't think much about it because I like what I'm doing and I know my role."

So it was one big healthy, happy and harmonious family that went to Lexington to play Kentucky last Wednesday. The Volunteers were 9-2 overall, 3-0 in the SEC and much more confident than you would ever expect an unranked 11-point underdog to be.

The same was not true of the Wildcats, who had struggled to win their two conference games, defeating Georgia in overtime and Vanderbilt on a basket in the last nine seconds. Clearly this was not the same team that had humiliated Notre Dame two weeks before, 102-78. "We've been celebrating ever since," said Coach Joe B. Hall before the game. "We're not playing or practicing well. We're in some kind of emotional slump."

A shooting slump was more like it against Tennessee. Kentucky shot only 27% in the first half and fell behind 32-28. The Wildcats are very good when

their beefy big men can pound your head and their little men can run, but put Mike Phillips and Rick Robey, both 6'10", in foul trouble and slow the tempo and the Wildcats are in trouble.

Just how much trouble was apparent in the last four minutes when Kentucky, which had finally gone ahead, tried to protect a five-point lead. Tennessee zoned-trapped the Wildcat ball handlers into mistakes, and it was the home team that needed a late basket to tie the game at 61 and send it into overtime.

King took charge in the extra period. He scored one basket while rifling on his back, set up two more with fifty passes and controlled the backboards and the Volunteers had a very big win.

With some justification Kentucky blamed its 33% field-goal shooting for the loss, but Tennessee, which has now beaten the Wildcats four straight times, would hear none of it. "They didn't show me nothing," said Johnson, who out-scored King 18 to 16 and had 13 rebounds to Greenfield's three. "It was the same as last year, when we came from 16 points down to win," said King. "We remembered it and they did, too."

Grandold figures that "if we can beat Kentucky, we can beat anybody," and his teammates readily agree. King says there is no doubt Tennessee would win a rematch with San Francisco. Says Johnson, "We should take everything. Can't no team stop us."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDEAST The biggest news in the Southeastern Conference was not Tennessee's upset of Kentucky. Far more significant was the miraculous escape of three Wildcats—Rick Robey, Larry Johnson and Dwayne Casey—from an automobile crash. On the way to catch a flight to Auburn, Casey's car skidded on an icy street, rolled down a 48-foot embankment and through a wooden fence. The car was totaled. None of the players was badly hurt, though, and Casey's life may have been saved by Robey. As the car began to flip, Robey grabbed Casey, the driver, and jerked him to the floor. All three played later that day as Kentucky won 75-68.

The Florida squad survived a scare, too. After a 92-82 loss at Tennessee, the Gators' DC-3 made an emergency landing in Macon, Ga.

when one of the two engines malfunctioned and had to be shut off. So the Gators chartered a bus. Alas, the bus broke down and by the time the team got home it was 7 a.m.

Trouble-free Alabama knocked off Mississippi 101-88 and Mississippi State 65-63. State had earlier beaten LSU in two sophomores' conflict. Ray White scoring 29 points and Wiley Peak pulling down 22 rebounds.

Allan Pardus's Bruce Parkinson suffered a broken wrist early last season and did not play in the rest of the games, a friend made up a sign: 1977 BIG TEN CHAMPIONS. That sign has hung in Parkinson's apartment ever since. Last week the illmakers moved closer to that goal by beating Iowa 87-76 and tomorrow previously unbeaten Minnesota in overtime, 66-64. Parkinson scored the first basket in the extra period to spur Pardus. Michigan geared up for this week's showdown with Purdue by romping past Michigan State 83-76 in a game in which 50 personal fouls were called.

5. MIDWINTER (10-1)

2. ALABAMA (16-2) 3. TENNESSEE (12-3)

WEST "My pet peeve is when home fans start leaving the Ute Arena before the game is over, especially when we are behind and they seem sure we have lost," said Utah Guard Jeff Jones. "I call it the Parking Lot Syndrome." Noting that fans were exiting with 1:12 left and the Utes trailing Colorado State 61-54, Jones came up with a cure for the syndrome. He stole the ball three times and converted each steal into a basket, twice by passing off and once by scoring himself. Then, with six seconds remaining and Utah down 62-60, Center Buster Matherly rained in an offensive rebound to send the game into overtime. Utah went on to win 67-64. The night before, the Utes took their Western AC opener by stopping Wyoming 84-78. Another two-time winner was Texas El Paso, which beat Arizona State 89-60 and John Arizona 60-59 when Charles Dwyer sunk two foul shots with seven seconds to go. Arizona continued to struggle on the road, but held off New Mexico 89-87.

"It was like playing the Celtics," said Pop-pelardine Coach Gary Colson after a 107-72 loss to San Francisco in a West Coast AC game. Most Celtic-like was Bill Cartwright, who took down 18 rebounds and scored 24 points. Next time out, the Dons defeated Loyola 91-63.

"UCLA played the kind of aggressive defense in the second half that any wrestling coach would be proud of," said Stanford Coach Dick DiBasso, after his team lost 100-85. The Cardinals, after leading 49-48 at halftime, allowed the Bruins a 12-point spree in the second half, so by David Greenwood, who finished with 20. Greenwood had poured in 34 points in an earlier 82-74 winning of

California. That left UCLA in a four-way tie for the Pac 8 lead with Washington, Washington State and Oregon, all 3-1. Oregon ended Washington's 16-game winning streak 72-68 in overtime before losing to State 49-48. Oregon State damped the Cougars 61-58 and lost to Washington 90-76.

Against high-scoring Nevada-Las Vegas, North Arizona's defense proved to be as leaky as the hull of a grounded oil tanker. Seven Rebels scored in double figures as Vegas poured it on 132-90.

1. SAN FRANCISCO (19-0)

2. NEW LASE VEGAS (14-1) 3. ARIZ. (12-3)

EAST North Carolina's John Kaewer is in a low-scoring guard who seldom fires away. Playing at Wake Forest, though, Kaewer went on what was for him a scoring rampage, pumping in two jumpers in the waning moments to give the Tar Heels a 77-75 Atlantic Coast Conference victory. His accuracy was invaluable. For Carolina, which began the week with the best shooting percentage in the country (.577), that day, 448. Further help came from Tommy LaGuarda (22 points), Phil Ford (20) and freshman Mike O'Kane (14 rebounds). Against Duke, the Tar Heels were again off form, shooting .453 and committing 25 turnovers. Still, they won 77-68 as LaGuarda had another 22 points and Duke committed 26 turnovers.

When Wake Forest played at Clemson, the home crowd gave the Deacons the silent treatment, maintaining a chilling quiet during warmups and then turning their backs to the court when the visitors were introduced. But Wake Forest, down 70-57 with 11:26 to go, out-tempered the Tiger fans for good when Rod Griffin canned a 22-foot jumper with one second to go for an 84-82 win. All of which left Carolina first in the ACC with a 4-0 record and Wake Forest second at 3-1. Maryland downed North Carolina State 87-80 and Navy 82-54. Earlier, the Middles had shocked Georgetown 86-55.

Manhattan also sprung a couple of surprises, beating South Carolina 79-67 and St. John's 71-67. Providence, Holy Cross and Syracuse kept winning. The Friars walloped Connecticut 86-71 and, with Joe Havenner getting 31 points, downed Hawaii 94-76. The Crusaders beat Yale 84-71 and Canisius 81-64. Before facing West Virginia, Syracuse's 6'11" freshman Roosevelt Bozelle removed a cast he had worn on his right hand for seven games. Bozelle then went out and scored 19 points and pulled down a like number of rebounds as the Orangemen avenged an earlier loss with an 86-71 win. Syracuse also drubbed Penn State 82-66.

Penn moved to the top of the Ivy League, rallying from 10 points back to overtake Princeton 43-39. The Quakers got 30 points from Kevin McDonald to stop Tulane 87-84. Columbia set a school scoring mark by beat-

continued

This is the year Ford Motor than ever to make their

Zincrometal® steel.
We use a lot of it. 'Cause
rust hates it.

See these holes?
This is where aluminized wax goes in
... to keep rust out.



You can't tell by looking at 'em, but every 1977 Ford, Mercury and Lincoln has more rust protection than any cars Ford Motor Company has ever built. It's true... 'cause a Cosby don't lie.

First thing, they're still using lots of galvanized steel. And rust resistant Zincrometal® steel. Lots of it. 'Cause rust hates it.

And when the whole body's built, they spray it with primer paint. Or, it gets dunked in a tub of primer paint ... where the body gets an electrical charge that's positive ... and the primer gets a negative charge.

Zap! Metal grabs hold of primer paint and hangs on. Like a magnet!

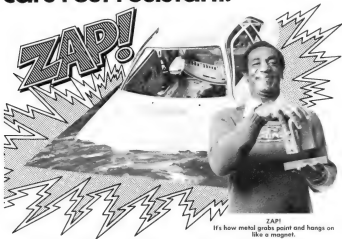
Then ... on go vinyl sealers. Sprayed into little seams and joints where rust likes to sneak in.



*Zincrometal is a registered trademark of
Diamond Shamrock Corp.

Where salt and mud like to hide
an' eat away at metal ... on go vinyl sealers.

Company has done more cars rust resistant.



ZAP!
It's how metal grabs paint and hangs on like a magnet.

See the holes in the doors? They're to poke wands into...to spray water-resistant aluminized wax inside door panels and other hard-to-get-at places. Then...it's all wrapped up in 3 coats of tough acrylic enamel.

Now listen, the completely rust proof car hasn't been built yet...by anybody.

But this is the year Ford Motor Company's done more than ever to make their cars rust resistant. It's true.

It's simple. Ford wants to be your car company.



Every car gets 3 coats of tough acrylic enamel on top of the primer.
This Granada wears more paint than my Aunt Flossie.

IF YOU GOT ONE OF THESE CAMERAS FOR CHRISTMAS, WE'VE GOT THE PERFECT FLASH FOR YOU.

It's the ITT Magicflash.

Now you never have to worry about running out of flash bulbs again. With an ITT Magicflash[®] electronic flash unit you always have a flash ready when you need it!

There's an ITT Magicflash unit for all the popular cameras pictured below. They all snap on in a flash. And they're all a snap to use.

For the store nearest you that carries the ITT Magicflash, call toll free (800) 447-4700. (In Illinois, call (800) 322-8400.)

For Kodak EK6 and EK6 Instant Cameras
Suggested list price \$29.95
Saves you at least 15¢ a flash vs. flip-flash*



For Kodak Instamatic[®] Cameras
Suggested list price \$39.95
Saves you at least 15¢ a flash vs. flip-flash*



For Polaroid[®] Pronto[®] Camera
Suggested list price \$29.95
Saves you at least 15¢ a flash vs. flash bar*



For Polaroid[®] SX-70[®] Camera
Suggested list price \$39.95
Saves you at least 15¢ a flash vs. flash bar*



*Excluding cost of Magicflash[®] unit

ITT MAGICFLASH

One Magicflash[®] is worth a thousand flash bulbs.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL (continued)

ing Wagner 118-90 and then opened its Ivy season by wiping out Cornell 88-53.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (12-1)

2. PROV. (12-2) 3. WAKE FOREST (12-0)

MIDWEST People in Indiana have long been known to gather in huge crowds at the mere sound of a basketball being dribbled. Except at Indiana State, where attendance in recent years has averaged around 2,000. Last Monday, though, despite a record low of minus 24° in Terre Haute, 7,838 fans showed up to see the Hoosiers play. And 6,276 more saw them Saturday. Quite logically, the reason for this sudden interest has been an upsurge by State, which shredded Butler 90-67 and Missouri Western 71-58 to bring its record to 14-1. Helping to transform the Hoosiers have been two new forwards, 6' 9" Larry Bird and 6' 7" Harry Morgan. Bird, a sophomore who left Indiana U. in 1974, is averaging 37.9 points and 12.5 rebounds. JC transfer Morgan has a 16.5 scoring average. Last week, Bird popped in 75 points 142 against Butler and Morgan 53. The Hoosiers joined the Missouri Valley Conference last March, but won't be eligible to compete for the league title until next season. By that time it will be hard to find an empty seat in Terre Haute.

Also getting superlative efforts from two big men was Memphis State, which won a pair of Metro games, beating Tulane 78-64 and Florida State 85-75. Igniting the 14-1 Tigers were 6' 11" Center John Washington, who had 39 points and 20 rebounds, and 6' 8" Forward James Bradley, who had 42 points and 24 rebounds.

Cincinnati and Louisville won non-conference skirmishes. With Robert Miller grabbing 22 rebounds and scoring 18 points, and with their decreasing press forcing 25 turnovers, the Bearcats beat Dayton 84-61. The Cardinals drubbed Marshall 104-95.

Arkansas took over first place in the South-west Conference with a 4-0 mark, stopping Texas Tech 68-53 and Rice 72-45. Houston beat Rice 106-56 and TCU 78-74. Defending 14-1 Texas A&M, winning three freshmen, lost to Texas 87-73 and then held off Baylor 66-59 and SMU 57-53.

Four teams shared the Big Eight lead with 2-1 records. Kansas squared past Oklahoma State 62-60 before being upset by Oklahoma 71-67. Missouri topped the Sooners 69-60 and the Cowboys 73-68. Kansas State beat Iowa State 63-34, then lost to Colorado 76-75. And Nebraska defeated Iowa State 69-48 and Colorado 66-54.

Detroit (12-1) trampled Iowa 92-67 and then, after edging Dayton 65-65, Coach Dick Vande kept a promise by going to center court and doing the backboard.

5. CINCINNATI (11-0)

2. LOUISVILLE (10-2) 3. ARKANSAS (12-1)

New Ford LTD II

Now Ford brings you the luxury of the Ford LTD in a trimmer, sportier car at a trimmer price.



Ford LTD II Beaumont 2-door

FORD LTD II

FORD DIVISION



In addition to the full-size Ford LTD, Ford now offers LTD's luxurious comfort in a mid-size car at a mid-size price.

Outside, the new trimmer, sportier lines of the LTD II set it apart from every other mid-size car.

But step inside and you've stepped into a world that's very close to the full-size LTD.

A beautiful new idea. Plush, comfortable seats. Tastefully elegant appointments. The satisfying luxury and the high level of workmanship that's become an LTD trademark.



It marries the quality and comfort of an LTD with the sports flair of Mustang II. The new LTD II gives you a ride that's very close to the legendary LTD. It uses the same basic kind of remarkably smooth riding suspension as Ford's most expensive car.

Yet even though the new LTD II is quiet and solid on the straightaway, its trim size means nimble handling and a fun-to-drive for the road that's surprising in a luxurious, comfortable car.

Roominess is another pleasant surprise. While the trimmer size means a trimmer mid-size price and nimble

handling, LTD II still gives you step-senger comfort.

And even with its mid-size price LTD II comes with a long list of standard features. Automatic transmission, power steering, V8 engine, power front disc brakes, steel-belted radials. And much more.

Compare LTD II value not only with other mid-size cars, but even with Chevrolet's cut-down Impala.

Economy is engineered in. You'll appreciate the way LTD II is designed for easy maintenance. The new LTD II incorporates Ford's directed maintenance improvements with new features like the Duraspark ignition system.

Test drive LTD II soon at your local Ford Dealer.



FORD

When America needs
a better idea,
Ford puts it on wheels.



**I don't let anything
get in the way
of my enjoyment.**

So when I'm smoking I head straight
for Salem Longs. There's nothing halfway
about it. I get extra length, smooth flavor
and menthol. Salem's my enjoyment.

Salem Longs.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. 78.

Johnny Miller finally lost his short stroke in the land of the tall cactus. As every golf fan must know, Miller had won five of the six tournaments that had been held in Phoenix and Tucson from 1974 through 1976 and earned \$176,150 in the process. He had been particularly devastating in Tucson, posting such numbers as 62 and 61 and letting it be known that in the wintertime, at least, Jack Nicklaus was only a trivia question. But then came 1977, and when last seen Johnny Miller was nursing an illness he called "the mange" after apparently trying to see how many putts it would take him to play from a dry bed of the Santa Cruz River into the Bay of California.

In Phoenix two weeks ago, Miller started the year tying for 41st and earning \$680. That was surprising but not alarming. After all, the 1976 Phoenix Open had been the one Arizona tournament he had failed to win. What was atrocious, however, was how he preoccupied around the Tucson National Golf Club, a course where he had handsily ever lost anything but the field behind him. But last week he was just another guy out there in a tournament that succeeded despite the fact that it had Joe Garagiola's name attached to it. Miller totally undazzled himself and the crowds by outdoing his performance of the previous week. This time he failed to finish, dropping out after four holes Sunday and crawling back to his castle only a few saguaro down the hill from the clubhouse.

For a while on Sunday it looked as if the tournament itself would not finish. Bruce Lietzke, a young fellow who seems to play almost as well in Arizona as Miller used to, had held the lead most of the way. Lietzke is a long-ball hitter out of the University of Houston whose name first became a spelling and pronunciation problem—say "lit-ski"—last year when he finished third at Phoenix and fourth in Tucson. Two weeks ago he finished fourth at Phoenix.

Lietzke needed only a par at the 72nd hole to win his first tour event, but he three-putted to fall into a tie with Gene Littler. He then had to go four extra holes in sudden death to win the tournament back, doing so by rolling in a 65-foot birdie putt at the 18th green, the kind that Johnny Miller, once upon a time, had made so often in the desert kingdom; he has now relinquished.

One thing about Miller is that he manages to look the same and sound the same whether he is winning or losing or getting sick. Ever philosophical as he stood around Thursday afternoon flogging his once-loyal Bulldog putter, knowing he was already out of contention, he said: "Maybe I'm starting out the way you're supposed to."

The way a mortal is supposed to, he means.

Miller had an opportunity to do something in Tucson that had never been done in all the years since the tour came about. No one from Walter Hagen to Bruce Lietzke had ever won the same event at the same course four years in a row. If it was ever going to happen, Tucson certainly looked like it might be the place. Unfortunately for history, it only looked that way for a few moments on Thursday, the day Joe Garagiola officially became a singer or comedian or whatever you have to be to get your name on a tournament.

Miller was scheduled to go out very early on Thursday. In the lack of the draw he not only got an 8:34 a.m. starting time, but he also drew the 10th tee. A strange thing called frost delayed the start for about 30 minutes, but this had nothing to do with the chill that was to afflict Miller's putter.

On his first hole of the tournament, a long, crooked par-4, Johnny drove nicely enough and struck a decent enough four-wood second shot that settled on the green about 30 feet from the flag. He stroked his first putt toward the hole, and then an amazing thing happened. The ball did not go in the hole. In past years, whenever Miller putted, the ball went in. Or seemed to. Still, a par on the 460-yard 10th at Tucson was not a bad thing to have. But then came the first real indication of doom.

The 11th is supposed to give you a birdie even if a Gila monster gnaws on your Titleist between shots, because it is a par-5 reachable in two blows by little old ladies. Miller reached it with another good drive and another four-wood. He could sink the putt for an eagle, or at least two-putt for a birdie and would be on his way to one of those 62s. But Miller did not get an eagle. Nor did he two-putt. He three-putted, missing from three feet. And on the next hole, the 12th, he missed another three-footer for a par.

continued

His putter has the sputters

And this is why Johnny Miller's game was not hitting on all cylinders in Tucson



Generally a Miller putt is a stroke of genius



No matter what holds you up, Rodeway Inns will still hold your room.



Getting there isn't half the fun when it takes twice as long as you'd expected. Especially if arriving late means that your hotel reservation isn't yours any more.

That's why American Express and Rodeway Inns have created the 100% Assured Reservation. You simply call 800-228-2000 toll free, make a reservation, and give your American Express Card number. Once confirmed, your reservation is good no matter how late you arrive.

And you'll arrive to a warm welcome and a room filled with old-fashioned comfort. Some Rodeway Inns even have rooms with an executive desk and relaxing steam bath.

In the unlikely event your reservation can't be honored, Rodeway Inns will find you a room in

another hotel, plus pay for the first night's lodging, taxi fare and a phone call home. If you can't use the reservation, be sure to cancel so that someone else can and you won't be billed. Also, please retain the cancellation number you are given.

The 100% Assured Reservation is good at Rodeway Inns coast to coast. The American Express® Card is too. So use its number when you call Rodeway's number, 800-228-2000. The 100% Assured Reservation could be the best thing that happens to you all day.



The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.

DOLF Lindholm

Quite suddenly, then, he was one over par and on his way to a round of 74, his first ever-par score at Tucson National since Cochise was head of the greens committee.

"You can't explain why people putt badly at times," Miller said. "It might be mechanical, or it might be mental. I thought at Phoenix I might be taking the club back too square. All I know is, George Archer felt sorry for me, looking at my stroke."

Although he did not intend it as any sort of alibi, Miller said the Tucson course was not the same one on which he had shot those sainted scores, like the 62 in the opening round of the 1974 tournament and the 61 in the final round of the 1975 event. Grass matures, he said. There was more grass on the fairways now, making the layout play about 200 yards longer than it still measures. And the club had also lengthened up a couple of holes by adding water hazards where, in the past, there had only been clusters of University of Arizona cacti.

None of the changes had anything to do with Miller's lousy putting, however. There was no water on the 12th green where Johnny had blown his first putt for a par on Thursday—and where he removed all doubt about threatening the leaders when he four-putted in Saturday's third round.

"I'm not spar," Miller said that evening, meaning spastic, even though he had turned a 14-foot birdie putt at the 12th hole into a double bogey. "I'm happy with my game, and the putting will come back. I think the muscles in my back are a little tight. I've been chopping down trees on my ranch. I don't think I'm getting the kind of body tone I'd like. I'm heavier, about 190. I seem to gain about seven more pounds every year. My scores so far don't look like it, but I came out really excited about this year. And I still am."

Miller said he was already excited about the Masters, but he was trying to prepare for it differently, although he couldn't say exactly how. "Maybe I won't go to Augusta a week early," he said. "When I get somewhere a week early, I feel as if the tournament's over before it starts." Ranting on, Johnny said he was going to play through the California part of the circuit and even go to Hawaii for the first time in a spell, then travel to Australia for the first time ever. "They want to see me," he said with a grin. "To

continued

Make your best deal on a Minolta electronic SLR before February 28, 1977. And we'll make it up to \$75⁰⁰ better.



Up to **\$75⁰⁰** cash rebate

\$75.00 cash back on the Minolta XK with Auto-Electro head and MC Rokkor-X 1/1.7, 1/1.4 or 1/1.2 normal lens. \$65.00 rebate on XK body with Auto-Electro head.

\$40.00 cash back on the Minolta XE-5 with normal lens. \$30.00 rebate on XE-5 body only.



Up to **\$40⁰⁰** cash rebate



Up to **\$60⁰⁰** cash rebate

\$60.00 cash back on the Minolta XE-7 with normal lens. \$50.00 rebate on XE-7 body only.

These limited-time cash rebates are your chance to own one of Minolta's finest electronic 35mm reflex models for close to what you'd pay for an ordinary mass-produced camera.

Make the best deal you can with your dealer. Then get a generous rebate besides, directly from Minolta.

The amount of the rebate you get depends on the camera you choose:

Up to \$75.00 cash back on the Minolta XK. The only electronic 35mm

SLR with interchangeable finders and focusing screens, plus virtually every convenience and creative feature you can imagine.

Up to \$60.00 cash back on the XE-7. Quiet as a whisper, this camera's electronic shutter responds instantly and automatically to the most subtle changes in light.

Up to \$40.00 cash back on the XE-5. An even more money-saving version of the XE-7, it has Minolta's remarkable

ably quiet electronic shutter, easy handling, and a full complement of useful features.

The Minolta Rebate Plan. It gives you a great deal on a great deal of camera.

For illustrated literature on Minolta's electronic cameras, see your camera dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

Minolta

This offer applies only to Minolta electronic 35mm SLRs purchased between November 1, 1976 and February 28, 1977 by a consumer for his or her own use or as a gift and not for resale. Claims shall be disallowed on sales after March 31, 1977. Offer good only in the United States, U.S. Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico. Minolta reserves the right to modify or discontinue it without notice.



David Fisher

Industry Show Corporation

LAS VEGAS CONVENTIONS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

"Nowhere in the United States will a trade show find better exhibit facilities and hotel accommodations than Las Vegas. The staff of the Las Vegas Convention/Visitors Authority is in tune with the needs of trade show participants and management, and their cooperation has contributed significantly to the success of our shows in Las Vegas."

Write us on your letterhead stationery for our new color brochure giving all the details. Director of Sales, Las Vegas Convention Bureau, Post Office Box 14006, Las Vegas, Nevada 89114.



LAS VEGAS

GOLF continued

make sure of some contracts, I guess."

Anyone waiting to see him Sunday morning in Tucson had to be quick about it. Because he was buried in the pack after rounds of 74-70-71. Miller was obliged to tee off again at the 10th hole. He made a bogey. He did manage to birdie the pushover 11th, but then he was back at the good old 12th, with that wonderful green on which he had raised the shornie on Thursday and four-putted on Saturday. This time he three-putted from 15 feet. Then he three-putted for another bogey at the 13th and called it a day.

Whether it was here that he truly began to feel the effects of too many antirheumatics, only Miller knew. Medical minds have never determined if three-putts make your wrists swell and give you a clogged throat, which were what Miller complained of.

"I hated to pass up the \$700 or \$800 I could have won," he said, "but I got out there today and I couldn't hit the ball over 220 yards. Just no strength at all. I took too much medicine, I think. I've got some kind of cold that must have seeped in my left wrist. Don't stand too close to me. You'll catch the minge."

Far or not, it has become rather standard on the tour for golfers to "plead a Miller" when they begin to score badly. Johnny does have a tendency to blame his health for his poor showings. His withdrawal brought to mind the memorable words of Fred Marti in last year's Tournament Players Championship. Marti led after 18 holes, but then he had a bad round. When Miller asked Marti what he had shot that day, Fred said, "I shot 74. John. But I was sick."

If anyone paused to think about what happened to Miller in the late stages of 1976, his Arizona performance was perhaps predictable. While it looked as if it might be his year after he won the British Open, he followed it up by falling off a motorcycle and cutting his hand and having to skip the PGA. And after that he turned up at the World Series of Golf with one of his son's toy putters in his bag, which, because it cost him a four-stroke penalty, ruined his chances of winning the year's richest tournament before it had barely begun.

In Arizona it appeared as if Miller might have been putting with the toy, but all in all maybe Tucson was just another milestone in his career. For the first time, it was news when Joenry Miller lost a tournament.

END

Do your homework

All active Americans are finishing their homework for school and starting their homework for the Presidential Physical Fitness Award.

Any boy or girl who can try out at school, club, or the Y.

Practice

You have to run, jump, sit up and do other things.

So do your homework and try out for the award.

For more information, talk to your physical education teacher or write: The President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, Washington, D.C. 20520.



TRY THE MOST EXPENSIVE CIGAR TOBACCO'S IN THE WORLD At My Risk

We carried the imported tobacco markets to find the world's most expensive cigar tobacco. We had the highest for the world... beautiful end Cameron, light silky Redwings, rich MetaFina from Brazil, shot the finest Santa Domingo Seco grown from Cuban seed. All blended by an exclusive Cuban cigar maker in 10 cigars selling for up to \$10 apiece in the luxury trade.

To find the 1 pack in a shop, send who appreciates the world's finest cigars, we offer a special sampler set of 7 different size cigars for you to TEST SMORE.

Send us nothing for the 10 girls, we're willing there are no shipping charges. Just send \$1 to cover cigar tax, postage and express and we'll send you 1 cigar Sampler Set made from the world's most expensive cigar tobacco. If you don't think they're the best cigars you ever smoked for less than \$1 apiece, return the set, the 1 pack and we'll refund your dollar. Only 1 to a winner—good in U.S. only.

WALLY FRANK, Ltd.

310 CUNNING STREET, DEPT. NEW YORK, NY 10027 C/G/F/S

Place the dollar send me 1 pack of the Sampler of 7 Cigars on your money back guarantee. N.Y. Residents add sales tax.

(Print Name & Address Below)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

A great classic sports car, refined.



Introducing the 1977 MGB.

How do you improve on a living classic? Very thoughtfully. But very consistently. For, while MGB remains a classic wide open convertible sports car, lean and low and nimble enough to win the SCCA Class E Championship again this year for a total of five wins in six years, it is also being continually refined.

This year, for example, we have redesigned the instrument panel to make the tachometer, odometer and gauges more clearly visible. The car handles even better than previous MGs because we improved the rack gearing to reduce turning effort and made the padded steering wheel smaller in diameter for quicker response. We also added anti-roll bars front and rear for increased handling stability. We've added small but welcome improvements in the form of a zip down rear window for better ventilation with the top up. There's also a new system of heating controls that is easier to use.



Redesigned instrument panel and cockpit



Reinvented a zip-down rear window

And it all comes wrapped in the brisk, lithe, responsive sports car America has long loved. The 1977 MGB comes equipped with decisive disc brakes, quick rack and pinion steering, short throw four speed stick, race-proven suspension and a gutsy 1798 cc engine.

What it adds up to is more fun in a car that is world-famous for pure pleasure in driving. Drive the newest edition of the wide open MGB. For the name of the dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll free (800) 447-4700 or in Illinois (800) 322-4400.

MGB: The wide open sports car.
British Leyland Motors Inc., Leona, New Jersey 07605



On the Other Hand...

The 14th annual National Lefty-Righty amateur golf tournament was about to begin, and the teams teeing off early—each consisting of a leftlander and his right-handed partner—were fanning out beneath the tall, skinny pines of the Myrtle Beach National Golf Club. Watching them, Ed Bullock, the club's silver-haired head pro, confided, "You can usually tell which of these guys are the leftlanders. When they walk, they tend to flap their hands."

It was tempting to trust Bullock in the matter, even though he happened to be a rightlander himself. After all, the National Association of Left-handed Golfers, the 1,200-member organization that was sponsoring the Lefty-Righty tournament, had selected the same South Carolina club as one of its all-leftlander national championships the year be-

—Continued

... we have the poor southpaw, the portside, the unloved lefty, who must make it through life against all that seems right and holy

by Jerry Kirshenbaum





fore, meaning that the place had twice now been overrun by swarms of lefties. And this had given Bullock ample opportunity to observe the breed.

The trouble was, what he said about left-handers was not being borne out. As they set off on their 18-hole rounds, the men passing before him were indistinguishable as to hand preference, just another group of golfers decked out in patches and polyester. There was not a telltale wrist movement anywhere to be seen. After a while Bullock turned and headed back for the clubhouse. He gave a small shrug.

"For some reason they're just not flapping today," he said.

To the estimated 90% of mankind that perform life's essential chores with the right hand, the other 10% have always been an accused lot. Left-handers come in all shapes and sizes, and their ranks have included such disparate figures as Michelangelo, Jack the Ripper and Jerry Ford—and they have been treated with uniform derision down through the ages. The Bible, for example, repeatedly equates left-handedness with evil while associating the right hand with truth and virtue. The English tongue is equally unkind, it being no linguistic accident that our words sinister and destitute are derived from the Latin for left (*sinister*) and right (*dexter*), respectively.

Social scientists are hard on lefties, too, studies frequently citing them as being uncommonly disposed to alcoholism, crime and suicide. Left-handers are also widely thought to be clumsy, although this could have something to do with the fact that many of the things they grapple with daily—doorknobs, zippers, subway turnstiles—seem deliberately designed to make life tough for them. The right-hander is clearly favored in every way. You raise your right hand for such honorable purposes as taking an oath or voting but you are properly put off by left-handed compliments. No wonder that at the first hint of visibility in a youngster, elders in most cultures have cracked the offending left hand with a ruler or wrapped it in the nearest burlap pouch.

Given all the wrongs they endure in daily life, it might seem cause for uncontrolled jubilation among left-handers that they sometimes have a better time of it in sport. Lefties are different from righties, and this can give them advantages on the playing field much appreciated by vinistralists like Casey Stengel, who found a haven in baseball after running into trouble in his chosen profession of dentistry. As Casey told it, he was working on a patient in the Western Dental College in Kansas City, using tools made for right-handers, when an instructor burst in and cried in horror, "You're a left-hander, a left-hander!" Years later, after succeeding as a big-league outfielder and manager, Stengel felt



secure enough to confess, "I was a left-handed dentist who made people cry."

Base sport imposes on left-handers its own hardships, including some refinements of those suffered generally. Forced conversions? Among the many natural left-handers coaxed and cajoled into competing right-handed are Ben Hogan, Carmen Basilio and Ken Rosewall, each of whom might have fared even better had he been allowed to go his southpaw ways. Irreproachable equipment? Any left-handed outdoorswimmer will attest to how his made-for-righty shotgun never fails to

reject its shells in his face. Stereotypes? Left-handed athletes, it is said, tilt their heads to the left. They put diabolical spins on the ball—any ball. They are injury prone. They are bowlegged. And, yes, they flap their wrists.

The most durable left-handed stereotype in sport has it that they are, to use a suitably hoary term, daffy. Ask tennis oldtimers about lefties and they will pass over less colorful southpaws like Jaroslav Drobný and Neale Fraser. Instead, they single out as "typical" the legendary Art Lanes, a left-hander of the 1950s remembered for superstitiously taping opponents during matches (so obviously that Gardner Mulloy once had to vault the net to get away) and for affecting bizarre grunts (issuing onto the court for a match wearing a shirt with the hanger still in it). And football people revel in relating the eccentricities of left-handed Quarterback Frankie Albert, conveniently ignoring that he was a fine passer. They will tell of the time that Albert was quarterbacking Stanford against Nebraska in the 1941 Rose Bowl and held up the game to watch an airplane fly by. Or of his curious habit, during his years with the San Francisco 49ers, of calling the same play seven or eight times in a row. Or the time that Albert, by now the club's coach, was visiting the home of 49er owner Lou Spadia and sneaked away to climb to the roof, whenceupon he issued a bloodcurdling yell and leaped 20 feet into the swimming pool. It remains for Spadia to put all this into proper perspective. He says, "The only left-hander could have broken his head."

The notion of the left-hander as quinesential oddball has taken strongest hold in the game played and managed by ex-dentist Stengel. The place of left-handers in baseball is evident in the nicknames coined just for them, a lexicon that includes portlander, forklander and, of course, southpaw, a term coined in the late 19th century in Chicago because pitchers in a local ball park faced the setting sun, meaning that their left arms were to the south. Beneath the word southpaw today and some oldtimers still think of the hand-dripping, hooky-playing Rube Waddell, whose plaque in the Hall of Fame identifies him as a "colorful left-handed pitcher." These fans would consider the adjective redundant.

But, revealingly, the most important generalization about left-handers is one that people usually neglect to make—the possibility that as a group they may be the best natural ath-

letes. Everybody knows that Babe Ruth batted and threw left-handed but few seem to appreciate that lefties—just 10% of the population, remember—more recently have been achieving high stature in sport after sport. Bill Russell, once basketball's dominant figure, is left-handed and so is Iliana Semenova, the 7-foot-plus Russian who was the leading woman player at the '76 Olympics. Running Back Gale Sayers, among the best ever at that position, is left-handed, and no current NFL quarterback is more proficient than left-hander Ken Stabler. Of the world's 10 best tennis players, no fewer than four—Jimmy Connors, Manuel Orantes, Ljudevit Pileta and Roscoe Tanner—are lefties.

The list goes on. West Indian Gary Sobers, cricket's greatest all-rounder, is left-handed. So is Bud Muehlenet, six-time international open singles racquetball champion. Likewise Steve Mizerak, arguably the biggest name in pocket billiards, and Earl Anthony and Patsy Costello, the same among the world's bowlers. Young Greg Louganis, everybody's chance at diving's next superstar, is left-handed and so is sport's foremost triathlete, Renée Richards. Bill Hartack, Dave Crews, Mark Spitz and Dorothy Hamill—left-handers all. The world's greatest athlete? Montreal Olympic decathlon champion and world-record holder Bruce Jenner is a southpaw, naturally.

Give them anything like a fair shake, and these crazy, bowlegged, injury-prone and, yes, awkward left-handers obviously do rather well. Of course, they get a far fairer shake in some areas than others.

"It happens all the time," says Ken Stabler. "A guy will come up to me in a bar or somewhere and say, 'Hey, Ken, I'm a lefthander, too.' And it means something to me. I don't care how obvious he might be, I think, hey, maybe he's not such a bad Joe. There's a bond there."

As Stabler's talk of a "bond" suggests, left-handers are conscious of being a minority and an oppressed one at that. And while they have not taken to the streets in sinistral dance, some of them have been known to joke about drilling a "hall of lefts," while others have been moved to wear T-shirts inscribed **LEFTHANDERS IN THE WORLD'S MILE**. It is in this spirit of unity that a Manhattan, Kans. beer distributor named Dean Campbell launched Lefthanders International, an organization that puts out a quarterly magazine and urges members to say "true" instead of "right." It may sound frivolous, but Campbell has struck a responsive chord in some 3,000 fellow lefties who pay \$12 a year to belong to his organization.

Still, the meaningful breakthroughs are few. It is a positive development, for in-

stance, that fewer children are called "Lefty" these days. Similarly, today's parents and teachers hesitate to make children "change hands," having been scared off by evidence that forced conversions can cause bedwetting, stammering or other trauma.

Another sign of the times is the proliferation of emporiums around the U.S. like the Left Hand, primarily a mail-order concern on the 10th floor of a loft building on Manhattan's West Side that does a brisk business in objects designed for lefties, including coffee-stews that turn to the left, a large selection of special scissors and instruction books for the southpaw embroiderer. "It makes me mad the way everything is designed for righthanders," says June Grieson, the left-handed proprietress.

Scratch left-handed athletes and most will be found, like Grieson, to harbor pet grievances. The Detroit Pistons' Bob Lanier is tired of bumping elbows with righthanders at the dinner table. The San Diego Padres' Randy Jones plaintively wishes that some wamees would—just once—put his drinking glass on the left. And Jimmy Connors tells of actually having to concentrate in order to discharge one of life's basic amenities. "When I'm shaking hands, sometimes I put my left hand out," he says. "It's tough for me to shake right-handed."

The burden of inhabiting a right-handed world prompts Philadelphia's Philie southpaw, Tag McGraw, to keep a mental checklist in which he divides objects between those that are "fair" to lefties (hadders, water glasses, dining boards) and those that are "prejudiced" (tuna gratins, dill phones). Another aggrieved lefty, Dallas Cowboy Defensive Tackle Larry Cole, waxes mildly indignant over the fact that hand-writing goes from left to right, dooming the southpaw to a smudged hand as he writes.

"We ought to be writing right to left," Cole says indignantly. "That's why lefties turn their arms around to the top to write—so they can pull the pen across the page. Well, I refuse to do it."

Often enough, the southpaw has a scarcely less vexing time of it in his own sport. There are some shotguns and bolt-action rifles that left-handers can operate without making

like left-centerists, but these are usually available only on special order—and at a higher price. Most fishing reels, virtually all hunting motions and most automobile tools are also made for righty. There are plenty of left-handed baseball gloves on the market, but problems occur here, too. Aunt Sarah can be counted on to give her sinistral nephew a right-handed glove for Christmas.

There is, in addition, the problem of inactivation. Most



MERIT

'Enriched Flavor' process 100mm cigarette with s

Only MERIT has the 'Enriched Flavor' process. A way of packing tobacco with extra flavor without the usual boost in tar.

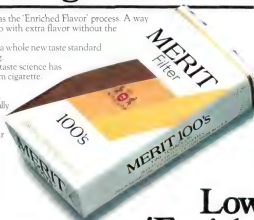
MERIT created a whole new taste standard in low tar smoking.

Now that same taste science has produced a 100mm cigarette.

MERIT 100's.

Only 12 mg. tar.

Yet smokers actually like the taste of MERIT 100's as much as higher tar 100mm brands.



Kings: 9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine—
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Low
'Enriched

T100's

s applied to new low tar
iking success.

Test Data Conclusive

New 12 mg. tar MERIT 100's were taste-tested against a number of major 100mm brands ranging from 17 mg. to 19 mg. tar.

Thousands of smokers were tested.

The results: overall, they liked the taste of MERIT 100's as much as the higher tar 100mm brands tested.

The taste barrier for low tar smoking has been broken again. MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL. King Size and new 100's.



tar-
1 Flavor.'

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

how-to films and books are produced for you-know-who, forcing southpaws to translate every "right" into "left" and to stand in front of mirrors wearing perplexed expressions. Los Angeles Dodger broadcaster Vin Scully, a left-hander, swore off golf books the way some people do cigarettes. "It drove me crazy trying to figure out what those books were talking about," he says. Group instruction is no better. Even when instructors bother to offer special help, the left-hander wishes they wouldn't; it only means the righthanders in class will glare at him for wasting their time.

Baltimore Wide Receiver Glenn Doughty recalls that when he was a running back at Michigan, Coach Bo Schembechler required him to line up in a right-handed stance for no apparent reason other than conformity. Doughty is free to assume his natural lefty stance with the Colts, but the NFL was not exactly quick to overcome its prejudice against visual quarterbacks, one that Frankie Albert was practically alone in defying a generation ago. One reason for the taboo was an understandable reluctance to entrust a man to somebody who could be counted on to be crazy. Another was the belief that a left-hander's spiral was hard to handle—swinging, of course, that he got the ball anywhere near the receiver.

Everything considered, it is not surprising that Stabler began his football career as a receiver. But his arm was so good that a Pee Wee coach finally oriented and made him a quarterback. Stabler's stardom at Alabama and Oakland has helped spark a boomlet in southpaw quarterbacks, among them his Oakland understudy David Hazzan, Seattle's Jon Zorn, New Orleans' Bobby Douglas and Michigan's Rick Leach. Stabler insists, "If anything, being a lefty was a very slight advantage, at least at first, because you look different to the defense. And that's nowhere about the spirals. Biletnickoff and those guys are going to catch the ball no matter how it spirals."

For all the apparent enlightenment, Jim Del Gaudio is able to claim that Cincinnati Coach Paul Brown cut him in 1971 because "he couldn't take to the idea of a left-handed quarterback. He just belonged to the old school of NFL coaches." And it is significant that Stabler takes the ball from center with his right hand on top, exactly as a righty would. While he does not remember exactly who taught him ("It happened somewhere along the line"), it was presumably done to avoid mix-ups with right-handed centers. What makes this ironic is that Oakland Center Dave Dalby is a natural lefty who snaps the ball right-handed on everything but kicks, having been converted by his coaches at UCLA.

But football is a veritable utopia for southpaws compared to golf, which is why there is a National Association of Left-handed Golfers vying tournaments like those in Myrtle Beach. Founded in the 1930s, the NALG is unhappy that Ben Hogan, Phil Rodgers and many other natural southpaws switched to right-hand play. It plans in vain for the arrival of a "left-handed Nicklaus," but has gone no closer so far than New Zealander Bob Charles, a PGA veteran whose brightest moment was when he won the 1963 British Open in a playoff against the turn-of-the-century Rodgers. So heady was the win that participants in an NALG tournament in California delivered ven-

erimental speeches hailing Charles as "our champion."

One reason for "turning around" left-handers is the longstanding unavailability of left-handed clubs. Thanks partly to NALG pressure on manufacturers, there is now a wider selection. Because club pros often are the ones selling the clubs, it is not surprising to find some of them increasingly disposed to let youngsters play left-handed. But other instructors still turn southpaws around in the genuine belief it will improve their game. They argue that golf courses the world over are laid out to favor righthanders, and that the switcher will benefit from having his stronger side into the shot à la Hogan.

Hogan himself, in his book *Power Golf*, denies that golf-course architecture necessarily favors righthanders and blames his boyhood converse in miseriform friends who advised him that lefties never made good golfers. Says Hogan, "At that age I was gullible enough to believe them and to make the change, but I wouldn't now." At any rate, if it does help having one's strong side into the shot, why don't these same instructors teach natural righthanders to southpaw? As it happens, Bob Charles is the reverse of Hogan, a natural righty who took up the game left-handed simply because that was how both his parents played it.

Left-handed discus men have problems, too. They throw from circles usually laid out in such a way, says Bruce Jenner, that the wind "fences the left-hander's throw to disc. You might lose anywhere from five to 10 feet." The ultimate in discrimination, however, is to be found in polo, which has adopted a rule that will eventually outlaw left-handed play altogether. The ban, enacted by the U.S. Polo Association in 1973, was seen as a logical extension of the hallowed right-of-way rule that players meeting head on must carry the ball on the right side of the pony.

"It's a safety measure to avoid collisions," says John Ooley, a prime mover at the Boca Raton (Fla.) polo grounds.

There's nothing more sacred in polo than the right of way. "Much the same thing could have been accomplished by ruling that players must carry the ball on the left side, but that might have logically led to the banning of righthanders. And things just don't happen that way."

It is true, of course, that lefties have been able to exploit the element of surprise in some sports. Among their victims have been

- Those hockey players flattered by the Boston Bruins' Wayne Cashman, a left-hander and accomplished NHL bowler, who says, "The key to a hockey fight is the first punch. When you're a lefty and they're looking for the right hand it helps."

- Dolph Schayes, who toward the end of his NBA career had a lot of trouble guarding a young Bill Russell. Not until Russell's third season, as the Boston Celtic star finished shooting a free throw, did Schayes vault up to him and say in honest surprise, "Damn, Bill, I didn't know you were left-handed."

- A husky bartender in Wellsfife, Utah, who was beaten in arm wrestling by Dick Motta, a little fellow who would go on to become an NBA coach. Motta had his right arm in a sling, and the bartender, not suspecting he was up against a southpaw, charitably agreed to wrestle left-

SAAB



The more you ask of a Saab, the more you'll admire a Saab.

Ask it, for example, to take you into a tight turn with speed, and the Saab will answer with the inherent stability of front wheel drive.

And you will be pulled through the curve with the kind of traction that defies crosswinds and centrifugal forces alike.

The Saab is equipped to react. Ask it to alter its course, make a sudden correction, and its rack and pinion steering will respond immediately.

Command the Saab, suddenly, to stop. And it will. Not eventually, but quickly, safely, because it comes with power-assisted disc brakes on all four wheels.

Ask the Saab for power, and you'll get more than any car in its class, because it has a 115 h.p. fuel-injected 2 litre overhead cam engine.

And you can expect a great deal from the inside of a Saab, too.

THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE CAR.

There's luxury, of course, but isn't that too banal a word for a car that automatically warms up

the driver's seat when the interior temperature falls below 57°F.

There's comfort, too, not merely in the

general feel of plush upholstery, but in the specific benefit of an orthopedically designed seat that supports the small of the driver's back, throughout the longest trip.

And because front wheel drive obviates the need for a drive shaft, there's ample room in the back for three adults.

But Saab is more than a list of worthy features. What characterizes a Saab is the way its various elements work together to produce a uniquely balanced performance.

Test drive a Saab at your nearest Saab dealer. And remember to ask a lot of it. Then you'll know how much it has to give.

the manufacturer's suggested retail (MSRP) price for the Saab 900, as shown above is \$17,258 and includes dealer preparation. Taxes, title, destination charges and options are additional.

handed. "Needless to say, I killed him," recalls Motta.

• The many stout reeled in by Lefty (Bernard) Kreh, outdoors editor for the *Baltimore Sun*. "If you go up a stream, righthanders are all causing the same way," he says. "Lefties cast into places the other guys don't fish."

Even without surprising anybody, southpaw fencers are so hard to handle that they make up perhaps one-fourth of the sport's top performers, including some—and this is a switch in every sense—who convert to southpaw. The main impetus for the practice seems to have come from Giuseppe Mangiarotti, an Italian fencing master of the 1920s, who had two sons and a daughter, all righthanders. He trained the daughter and son Edoardo in lefties—and Edoardo went on to become one of the most accomplished swordsmen in fencing history.

Southpaws who play tennis enjoy an advantage that the best of them, Connors, unblinkingly reckons at "about 5%." Befuddled opponents generally agree that southpaws put more spin on their serves and in general play a wrierier game. The lefty is further helped by the fact that crucial points are served in ad court, when he is serving to the righty's backhand. And if the righthander is serving, it is to the lefty's forehand, presumably his strength.

All of which is a source of melancholy to Rosewall, who as a young boy in Australia was taught by his father to play right-handed even though he wrote and threw a ball lefty. The throwing motion being virtually the same as the serve, it is no surprise that the latter became Rosewall's chief weakness. "In those days there was a tendency to force kids to use the right hand," he says wistfully. "I've often wondered if my serve would have been better had I played left-handed." In that event, perhaps his splendid backhand might have suffered.

In basketball, the left-hander theoretically has no better than a mixed time of it, because on offense he is apt to be dribbling with his strong hand opposite the defender's right hand. But opponents swear that southpaws are given to sleight of hand; Coach Motta notes that, for whatever reason, some of the NBA's best alltime plymakers, Guy Rodgers, Lemay Wilkins and Nate Archibald, have been lefties. And on defense, everything works to the lefty's advantage. Another coach with a personal interest in these things, Maryland's Lefty (Charles) Driesell, notes of Russell, "When he was blocking a shot, he went up with his left hand and was automatically on the side the righthander was shooting from." Russell, of course, was celebrated as the game's greatest shot blocker.

Left-handers may enjoy such advantages that they sometimes create new hardships for themselves. It happens in the prize ring, where everybody complains about the difficulty of "holing" southpaws. The result is that left-handers experience heartwarming successes in the amateur ranks but have trouble getting fights as pros. Confronted by what amounts to a freeze-out, their managers usually turn southpaws around, which is how Basilio came to be a right-handed world champion—a two-fisted one, to be sure—as both a welterweight and a middleweight. Few pure, unreclaimed southpaws have ever won world titles, none the heavyweight crown.

It is against overwhelming odds, then, that Tyrone Everett, a wispy, cherub-faced southpaw from Philadelphia, has moved near the top of world junior lightweight rankings. "We knew we were making a chance," says Trainer Jimmy Arthur, referring to his refusal to turn Everett around. "But we figured Tyrone was so young-looking, people would think they could beat him." At that, the fast, hand-punching Everett has had to scramble to get fights, journeying to San Francisco, Honolulu and Caracas to take on hometown favorites, and has repeatedly had to accept the short end of the purse. Despite this, Everett won 34 straight before losing a highly controversial decision to WBC champion Alfredo Escalera in a November title match.

Left-handers in boxing are shunned even by one another. It is an antipathy that Everett himself expressed one afternoon before a workout in Philadelphia's Juniper Street gym. "The problem is you don't see other southpaws much and they look funny," he said. "You see that left hand coming around at you and you can't get away in time. It just looks strange."

Everett was not speaking hypothetically. The only time he was ever knocked down was in a bout with Mexico's Luis Madrid (whom he later kayoed). At the time Madrid was fighting from a southpaw stance.

Platooning. Finch-hitting. Late-inning relievers. Switch hitters. The player who can be said to set baseball's endless lefty-righty machinations in motion is the left-handed batter, known familiarly as BL. He benefits from the fact that the majority of pitchers are righthanders: their natural curve deliveries come in to him but tail away from right-handed batters. He also has that step and a half head start to first base. The fact that many of the old ball parks had cozy right-field walls enhanced the careers of Ruth, Speaker and Gehrig, all left-handed. And that explains why many left-handed batters—Cobb was one—are not true southpaws at all, but natural righties whose dads simply loved them enough to make them BL.

Baseball's true left-handers, the ones deserving of the designation southpaw, are those who throw lefty, pitchers in particular. The southpaw pitcher benefits from unorthodoxy against everybody and, because his pitches appear to arrive from the first-base dugout, he is especially effective against those dreaded left-handed batters. His ability to "neutralize" BL makes a good left-handed pitcher found gold.

The left-handed pitcher's unorthodoxy also makes him the subject of slurs and slander. Southpaws, it is claimed, are congenitally unable to throw overhand but are given instead to sneaky sidearm deliveries. They are said to be "cute" and "cunning" and endowed with a lot of "stuff." The legendary John McGraw purportedly cracked that if you split open a southpaw's head, all that would fall out would be bases on balls.

While pitchers clearly get most of the unflattering attention, there is also room for miscellaneous left-handers like Outfielder Babe Herman, who caught fly balls with his head, doubled into a double play, etc. And there is a certain undeniable thoroughness in the fact that baseball effectively bans left-handers from no fewer than four posi-

tions, accepting as gospel that they are simply unequipped to play them.

In the case of catcher, one of the forbidden positions, the anti-lefty arguments vary suspiciously, but the chief one seems to be that the southpaw's throw to second would be impeded when right-handed batters are at the plate—and, well, aren't the majority of batters right-handed? Yet it would logically follow that a left-handed catcher might come in handy now and then when a left-handed batter is up. One might as well forget it. A left-handed catcher named Jack Clements logged 17 years in the majors in the late 19th century, but there has been none since 1958, when Dale Long inconclusively worked two games behind the plate for the Chicago Cubs.

The other proscribed positions are second base, third base and shortstop, leaving first the only spot in the infield where sinistrals are welcome. The chief argument is that left-handers have to pivot the wrong way to make the throw to first. Yet left-handers Willie Keeler and George Sieler played some games at third base on their way to the Hall of Fame at Coopersdown. Ex-big-league First Baseman Frank Torre, a lefty now playing shortstop for a Rawlins softball team in St. Louis, firmly believes that left-handers can handle that position, too.

Could it be that southpaws really are daffy? And that they are better athletes? There is a limit to what researchers in laterality, the field of hand preference, really know about their subject. They are sure that handedness has something to do with heredity. And they know that sinistrals and dextrals do have certain more or less significant differences.

These mostly involve cerebral organization. In what amounts to cross wiring, the right side of the body is usually controlled by the brain's left hemisphere, which handles verbal tasks like speech and writing. The body's left side is generally governed by the right hemisphere, which is endowed with power of visual and spatial perception. One would think, and some of the researchers do, that the resulting tendency would be for righthanders to be analytical and practical and for southpaws to be free-spirited, creative and illogical.

But difficulties arise when you start carrying any of this too far, as witness the various studies suggesting that left-handers are more given to alcoholism, suicide, dyslexia and the rest. Curtis Hardyck, professor of educational psychology at the University of California, has plowed through more than 200 such studies and found a tendency toward bias and inadequate sampling. "Most of the evidence just doesn't

continued

An Offhand Look at More Lefties

◆ Dwight F. Davis, founder of the Davis Cup, was left-handed.

◆ Of the top 30 major league hitters this past season, 17 batted left-handed and one, Pete Rose, was a switch hitter; 39 of the 82 batters in the Hall of Fame batted lefty, four were switch hitters, and 11 of the 39 pitchers threw lefty.

◆ The most sinistral NBA team used to be the New York Knicks of the late '60s. The Knicks' roster included six lefties: Walt Frazier, Dick Barnett, Howie Karvov, Don May, Mike Riordan and Phil Jackson. Not to forget Walt Frazier, a righty who occasionally passed left-handed as a high school quarterback in Arizona. The most lefty team in the NBA currently is the Nets, featuring six southpaws on a 12-man roster: Nate Archibald, Al Skinner, Dave Wohl, Kim Hughes, Tim Bessett and Bubbles Hawkins.

◆ Baltimore Oriole Pitcher Mike Cuellar always teases on being warmed up by another southpaw, so Coach Jim Froy owns a left-handed catcher's mitt for this purpose. Pete LaCock, a left-handed Chicago Cubs outfielder, also owns one, using it in the bullpen when he is not playing. Southpaw Sandy Koussin sometimes played behind the plate in the

Brooklyn sedlins. He used a righthander's mitt turned inside out.

◆ On the subject of left-handers, Al Schacht, errandable right-handed pitcher, restaurateur and Clown Prince of Baseball, said, "They throw crooked, they walk crooked and they think crooked. They even wear their clothes crooked. You have to figure that they're a little crazy."

◆ Miami Dolphin Flackicker Gary Yepremian is left-footed, but when he poses—which he has done, memorably, just once so far—it is with his right hand.

◆ Cousy Sengel, a southpaw, observed, "Left-handers have more enthusiasm for life. They sleep on the wrong side of the bed and their head gets more stagnant on that side."

◆ The Kingsport (Tenn.) Braves, an Atlanta farm team in the Appalachian League, last season unveiled Audrey Scruggs, a 19-year-old with a good curve—with either hand. When switch pitcher Scruggs faced switch hitter Dan Spain of the Elizabethton (Tenn.) Twins there was a three-minute minor during which Scruggs kept changing hands and Spain kept jumping back and forth across the plate, each seeking a tactical advantage. The

unwired finally ordered Spain to commit himself, and he chose to bat right-handed. Scruggs, throwing righty, raised him on an infield grounder.

◆ One study published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* found that a southpaw can usually stretch the fingers on his right hand farther apart than those on his left. A righthander can generally stretch the fingers on his left hand farther apart.

◆ One theory for the prevalence of right-handedness today is that ancient warriors took to using the left hand for holding the shield over the heart, leaving the right hand to wield the spear. But then, it has also been argued that righthanders have always been greater in number. Something to do with the earth's rotation.

◆ Detroit Pizan southpaw Bob Laverie flattered his left wrist as a boy and, throwing right-handed, tossed a football through a rubber tire 20 consecutive times at a banner. He won a turkey. Righty Johnny Miller has broken 75 playing golf left-handed. Like all major league third basemen, Baltimore's Brooks Robinson throws right-handed, yet he writes, plays tennis and drives a nail lefty. He says, "I'm sure it helped any fielding because that's the hand you've got the glove on."

◆ Babe Ruth wrote right-handed.

Want to OWN YOUR OWN Western Auto Associate Store?



You can go into business for yourself in the city or community of your choice as a Western Auto owner.

Western Auto helps with site selection and with your lease. We have a "trial" program including training, advertising, bookkeeping, display and financing of customer purchases.

We have no contract fee, franchise fee or royalty on sales. Your investment goes into your store and cash operating reserve. If you qualify for a Western Auto loan we can even help you finance your store, where you can be your own boss.

Why don't you join the 500 people who become Western Auto Associate Store owners each year? For more information, call today TOLL FREE:

1-800-821-7700

Ext. 818

Western Residents Call
1-800-292-7455, Ext. 818

Send Me: ☐ Brochure ☐ P.P.
Western Auto
2151 Grand Avenue
Kansas City, Mo. 64108

I'd like to know more about owning my own Western Auto store. Please send me information.

Name
Address
City State Zip
Phone () Ext.

WESTERN AUTO

OVER 600 ASSOCIATE STORES IN 40 YEARS

The Other Hand continued

stand up," Hardyck says. "There's a tendency to overinterpret results, a feeling that left-handers, because they're different from the majority, are somehow wrong. The fact that da Vinci and Benjamin Franklin were left-handed ... is overlooked."

The same thing happens in sport, where cherished stereotypes successively ignore as inconvenient the blind left-handers like Stan Musial, Sandy Kousser and Rod Laver—or eccentric righties like Jimmy Piersall, Mark Fidrych and the Nasty. We may chuckle at the fact that newly-acquired Montreal southpaw Will McEnaney sometimes walked an imaginary dog outside the clubhouse when he was with Indianapolis. But what about the reaction of his manager, Vern Rapp, recently hired to pilot the St. Louis Cardinals? He once shouted in exasperation, "McEnaney, get that damned dog inside." Rapp is right-handed.

Much of the left-handed lore surely is nurtured by the southpaws themselves. Few of them have ever been more genuinely ratty than onetime Yankee Pitcher Lefty (Vernese) Gomez, who was nicknamed Goofy after making known his intentions of constructing a "fish server," a revolving goldfish bowl that would spare occupants the need to swim. But the shrewd Gomez was also a box office attraction, and he goes on cultivating his role as a fun-loving southpaw even today. Now a popular after-dinner speaker, he delights in regaling audiences with stories of how his high-spirited Chihuahua, Taco, is a lefty, too. How does he know? Deadpan Gomez. "When he goes to the fireplace, he raises his left leg."

There are other reasons for quirkiness among left-handed pitchers. Because they are in demand, lefties often get away with things that might get right-handers in hot water, and this includes address, both on the mound and off. St. Louis Cardinal Reliever Al Hrabosky allows that he was so unpromising a prospect that he would never have been offered a contract if he were a right-hander. "But I was a lefty so they took a chance," he says. Of his own department, which includes stomping around on the mound and casting baleful glances toward home plate, Hrabosky says, "I want the batter to think I'm crazy. I want him to know I'm crazy."

The fact that athletes are somewhat freer these days to ply their craft as southpaws no doubt accounts for

much of the new lefty surge in sport.

"There is reason to believe that left-handers are better athletes," says University of Pennsylvania psychology professor Ruben Gur, who specializes in laterality. "Left-handedness can result in different ways. In some left-handers, the spatial functioning appears to dominate, giving them better spatial perception and perhaps quicker reflexes. Left-handers as a group also tend to be more ambidextrous. In part it's because their brain organization tends to be more bilateral than right-handers'. But it may also be because of social adaptation. The left-hander in society is forced to use both hands."

And now consider how left-handers have prospered on the Professional Bowlers' Association tour, which woke up a few years ago and discovered that some 30% of its leading prize winners were southpaws. There was good reason for it. When PBA officials arrived at a tournament site, they determined that the right side of each lane, having received more of the action, was often worn and rusted, causing difficulties for the right-handed pros. Bowling on smoother surfaces—finding their "grooves" easier—southpaws flourished. Amid threats of a boycott by right-handers, an alarmed PBA got out the lacquer and oil and began doing a better job of "equalizing" conditions. A lot of southpaws began disappearing, but not all. Today left-handers still make up 14% of the top bowlers, and one of them, Earl Anthony, in 1975 became the first bowler to win \$100,000. It was his third straight year as the PBA's No. 1 prize winner.

Anthony is a quiet ex-grocery clerk from Tucuman. He says, "Conditions on the tour used to be unfair to right-handers. We left-handers could stand and bowl from the same place while right-handers always had to move around to change the speeds and angles on the ball. When the PBA decided to act, I was able to cope. I always studied right-handers and I adjusted. Bowling is a game of adjustment and that's easier for left-handers anyway. Heck, in life that's all we do."

The winners of the Lefty-Righty championship in Myrtle Beach were Duane Streem, an insurance man, and Morris Masten, a schoolteacher, both from Indianapolis. They shot a best-ball score of 277 to whip 90 other teams in the 72-hole competition. Streem was the left-hander, Masten was the other one. **END**

The ColorTrak System. Could it be the best 25" color TV ever made?

(ORIGINAL)

Over three years ago, RCA set about designing a new generation in color television.

The result was ColorTrak, a remarkable television system that actually grabs the color signal, aligns it, defines it, sharpens it, tones it, and locks the color on track.

Here's how it all works.

Automatic Color Control works to keep colors consistent.

Color variations can occur when the program changes, when a commercial comes on, and when you switch channels.



But ColorTrak's Automatic Color Control constantly monitors the color and actually adjusts it for you when changes occur. So you get a consistent, quality picture.

A light sensor adjusts for changes in room light to keep your picture beautiful.

ColorTrak's picture automatically brightens in a well-lit room, darkens in dim light; so you always get a rich, detailed picture.

A tinted-phosphor picture tube gives less reflection and a rich, vivid picture.

ColorTrak takes our light-absorbing black-matrix picture tube a step further by using specially tinted phosphors on the tube surface. The tinted phosphors absorb even more room light, so you get colors that appear more vivid and lifelike.

A Dynamic FleshTone Correction System produces rich, natural fleshtones right next to brilliant greens and blues.

Correcting varying fleshtones without affecting other colors has been a problem in color television technology. ColorTrak's Dynamic Flesh-



The Bordeaux. Beautiful Country French style in genuine pecan veneer and oak solids with simulated wood grain. The top, a laminated composition in a handsome diamond pattern.

tone Correction System handles this problem, bringing varying fleshtones into the natural range while mini-



mizing the effect on other colors. So you see natural fleshtones and natural background colors.

The highest quality, most reliable set RCA has ever produced.

The ColorTrak system is a finely balanced system of features that work together to give you the kind of picture performance you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.

And because we want you to enjoy that beautiful ColorTrak picture for years to come, we've made ColorTrak the set most tested for reliability that RCA has ever produced.

The ColorTrak system is not inexpensive. But when you consider the years of pleasure it will provide, we think you'll agree it is well worth the price.

Don't purchase any other set until you see ColorTrak. And judge it for yourself.

RCA **ColorTrak**

RCA is making television better and better.

What a Year in the World of Sports!



What a great year it was—and now **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** premiere Special Issue, *A Year in Sports*, covers it all in page after page of full-color photographs: the history-making moments, the great events, the new stars and superstars—all the '76 action!

Just think of the memorable highlights:

- Franz Klammer's downhill run in the Winter Olympics
- Nadia Comaneci's perfect-scoring performance at Montreal
- Muhammad Ali's championship fight
- Raymond Floyd at the Masters...Johnny Miller at the British Open
- The Celtics edging the Suns to take home their 13th NBA title
- Montreal stunning the Flyers
- Bold Forbes winning the Kentucky Derby
- Once-in-a-lifetime tennis between Connors and Borg
- Cincinnati vs. the Yankees in the World Series
- The biggie of the Bowl games—Super Bowl XI!

This 140-page album-in-action is designed to become a collector's item, a much-used reference book, and a treasury of the best of sports photography. SI subscribers at the time of publication will receive it as part of their subscriptions. If you're not a subscriber—pick up a copy at your newsstand...before they're all gone!

**ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE
THE WEEK OF FEBRUARY 21ST!**

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS.



Nothing makes a man look more debonair than taking a cigar out of a tube. And there's no better tubed cigar for the money than Royale by Gold Label. A stylish cigar with a rich Garsano wrapper. And all the mildness and freshness sealed in by the tube. So take out a Royale and take on a whole different look.



PICK-A-KNICK

Craze Laker or a Bullet or a Buck. You'll find all of basketball's biggies in one great lineup at the Speakers' Bureau.

And that's not all. Our list includes over 2,000 of America's biggest celebrities from every sport—versatile performers who can jump right off the court (i.e. diamond, gridiron, golf course, or race track) and into your marketing and promotion program.

Sign one up to speak at your next sales meeting, to endorse your brand or open your new branch store. Your net results? A basket full of good will, good fun and good selling.

Contact Keith Morris, SI Athletes Service Program and Speakers' Bureau, Time & Life Bldg., New York, N.Y. 10020. (212) 556-3338

Doctors Prove You Can Help Shrink Swelling Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues Due To Inflammation. Relieve Pain And Itch Too.

Gives prompt temporary relief from hemorrhoidal pain and itch in many cases.

Doctors have found a most effective medication that actually helps shrink painful swelling of hemorrhoidal tissues caused by infection. In many cases, the first applications give prompt relief for hours from such pain and burning itching.

Tests by doctors on hundreds upon hundreds of patients showed this to be true in many cases. The medication the doctors used was Preparation H®—the same Preparation H you can get without a prescription. Ointment or suppositories.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

OKLAHOMA VS. THE PRESS (CONT.)

51

Concerning the article on Oklahoma (Fans vs. Press: Drop Dead, Dec. 13), your reporter, Frank Deford, changed the meaning of a quote he attributed to me. I said, "We're a young state, striving for excellence, and football has been one area in which we have achieved excellence"—not "the one place where we have achieved excellence."

Most Oklahomans don't expect sports reporters to be public-relations men for our teams, but they don't appreciate the twice-a-day-for-10-days smear campaign launched by Taylor, Boggs and the Oklahoman and Times, complete with frequent rewrites of the same allegations from unnamed sources, top-of-group-one position, slanted subheads and bold creaser type in the headlines.

CHARLES E. ENGLISHMAN

Editor and Publisher

The Clinton Daily News

Clinton, Okla.

• Both Deford's notes and his memory of the conversation reflect that Mr. Englishman did see the one place....—ED

BATTLING MARLIN

52

The article on marlin fishing (Guests Are Good for Dreams, Jan. 18) was great, particularly the paragraphs describing the battle between man and fish. I recall one such day when the pain far exceeded my first day of basic training or my isolation as a bad carrier when I got to carry all the 16-inch blocks while the other laborers watched my 30-inch arms stretch to 42 inches and took bets on whether I'd make it. The result of that day was the present 1,143-pound, all-tackle-record blue marlin. We had no Finnish beer so we drank good old Pittsburgh Iron City. We didn't discuss or bubble about the catch—we were awed into silence.

Last summer I watched with great pride when my 15-year-old daughter Gay battled and beat her first marlin. I know she physically lived in a way that will never again occur in her life. And I am sure she is a better person knowing she has the guts to see such a fight through to the end—and win.

JOHN D. HANNAH/III

Allison Park, Pa.

NO PLACE LIKE IT

53

Carry Karpasch's article (Moose, Sweet moose)

Your family could ski with the U.S. Ski Team at Park City, Utah

Enter The Equitable Family Skiing Challenge.

You could win your way to the finals and ski with the U.S. Ski Team at its annual competition at Park City, Utah, and win either a pair of Rossignol skis or Nordica boots.

The Equitable Family Skiing Challenge is a national ski program endorsed by the U.S. Ski Team and America's first family of skiing—Olympic Bronze medalist Cindy Nelson and her parents.

As in the Equitable Family Tennis Challenge, family teams can enter regardless of where they live, as long as they can travel to the resort area of their choice at their own expense. Competition will be in three categories:

MOTHER-SON
FATHER-DAUGHTER
BEST FAMILY TEAM
(father-son or mother-daughter)

The child team-member cannot turn 19 in 1977 and there must be a minimum 15-year difference in the birth years of the team members. Families may enter as many team combinations as they wish.

Six ski areas are hosting the 1977 regional competition for the

Equitable Family Skiing Challenge.

Each area has family ski-week packages available and contestants must make their own arrangements for lodging.

For further information on accommodations, please call the telephone number listed.



Each team will compete against other teams in its category in a slalom race. The lowest combined times per team will win, and team members can make as many runs as they choose during the competition.

Winning teams in each of the three categories at the regionals will receive their choice of either the skis or boots. In addition, these teams will go on to the National Championships, hosted by The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States and the U.S. Ski Team at Park City, Utah, April 7-10. Equitable will pay all expenses for the winning regional team members to attend the finals.

REGIONAL AREAS

1. **Alpine Meadows, Calif.;** Feb. 19-25
916-583-4232
2. **Boyne Mountain, Mich.;**
Feb. 24-March 3
616-549-2441
3. **Lakeau, Minn.;** Feb. 5-12
800-232-0071
4. **Snowbird, Utah;** Feb. 3-6
801-742-2000
5. **Snowmass, Colo.;** Feb. 17-18
303-923-2000
6. **Stowe, Vt.;** Jan. 23-29
800-451-1260



**EQUITABLE
FAMILY SKIING
CHALLENGE**

ENTRY FORM

Equitable Family Skiing Challenge
c/o Capital Sports, Inc.
280 Park Ave.,
New York, N.Y. 10017



NO ENTRY FEE

SUBMIT A SEPARATE FORM FOR EACH FAMILY TEAM

Our Family team will compete in Resort Area No. _____ Resort _____

The team comprises: ☐ Mother-Son ☐ Father-Daughter ☐ Best Family Team

ADULT'S LAST NAME _____ FIRST NAME _____ Date of Birth _____

CHILD'S LAST NAME _____ FIRST NAME _____ Date of Birth _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home Telephone Area Code _____ Number _____ Business Telephone Area Code _____ Number _____

☐ Check here if your family is entering more than one team.

89-1

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, N.Y., N.Y.

You can do much more with an
Amana Touchmatic™
Radarrange™
MICROWAVE OVEN



Because it does much more for you

The first microwave with a memory . . .
It's like having a computer in your kitchen!

The Amana Touchmatic Radarrange puts food from the freezer to the table in single or 1-2-3. Because its computer "remembers" and performs your cooking program in sequence.

1. It "remembers" how long to defrost.
2. It "remembers" exactly how long to cook—with split-second accuracy.
3. It "remembers" to shut off and to call you for dinner with a "beep".

At the same instant, it even "remembers" and displays the time of day—in lights.

Amana Touchmatic Power Shift™ . . . Puts You In Full Control Of Everything You Cook.



With Amana Cookmatic Power Shift you can instantly change fast boiling to a simmer . . . change a simmer to a roast. Just

slide the shift lever to a lower or higher speed. Adjust while you're cooking to achieve special effects desired in slow-cooked recipes, or to partner delicate items like shrimp, milk and eggs so they turn out perfect. Keeps foods warm without overcooking.

Amana Features . . . Quality And Convenience
875 Watts of Power cooks almost everything in one-fourth the usual time. Stainless Steel Interior won't rust or corrode. Reflects more cooking power for faster, more efficient cooking. Chrome-plated Zinc Divalent Palladium Door permits easy entry from either side. See-through Window and interior light let you see what's cooking. Removable Glass Oven Tray—crushes spills. Dishwasher proof. Operates on ordinary, 115-volt, household current. Saves Energy—uses 30% to 75% less energy than a conventional electric range. See a demonstration of the remarkable Amana Touchmatic Radarrange at your Amana Retailer or write Ane MacGregor, Dept. 593, Amana, Iowa 52304.

If it doesn't say **Amana**—it's not a **Radarrange™**

BACKED BY A CENTURY-OLD TRADITION OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP
Amana Refrigeration, Inc., Amana, Iowa 52304

A Raytheon Company

Make money in college.

You can earn a sizable income as a TIME Inc. College Bureau Campus Rep. Maybe enough to pay your tuition and college expenses. All you have to do is distribute our order cards offering TIME, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, MONEY and FORTUNE at special low campus rates. You set your own working hours and get generous commissions on all orders received. For details, write: Campus Rep Program, TIME Inc. College Bureau, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. (Please include phone number and college address.)



The first authoritative biography, by the poet's namesake cousin and his wife

Kahlil Gibran
HIS LIFE AND WORLD

By Jean and Kahlil Gibran

\$12.50 at all bookstores

New York Graphic Society

Boone, Mass 02208 / A Time Incorporated Company

1978 HOLE *continued*

Home Is Sweeter Than Ever, Jan. 10) gave some excellent excuses for the players who earn more dollars than the President. I tend to agree with Chicago's Tom Iversonville that the disadvantages of playing on the road are mostly psychological. Last year teams like Golden State and Boston just went out and played good basketball on the road, not worrying about why they might lose.

BRIAN DOBRY
Seattle

Sir:

The article by Kirkpatrick was good, but he forgot that the Celtics won all the deciding games of last season's playoffs on the road.

ELLEN KELLER
Maplewood, N.J.

DEER HUNT

Sir:

Maxon Smith's *Without Elbowroom*, After So Much Desiring (Jan. 10) excellently represents what hunting has become to many conservationists, especially for those like myself who pursue the whitetail deer with the bow and arrow. The loneliness, the beauty of the forest and the ability to harmonize oneself into nature's complicated structure of life and death is the reason I hunt.

ROBERT FRANGELLA
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

Please leave articles like Maxon Smith's to magazines for hunters. His description of taking an antelope the "Mall walk" flesh of the buck he had killed, then fixing himself a hot breakfast made me sick.

MARGARET D. CAMPBELL
St. Davids, Pa.

BIG BANTAM

Sir:

At 77 inches Harry Kahkoff (*The Mad Russian Who's Got the Mexican Connection*, Jan. 10) would be the tallest bantamweight (118 pounds), so say nothing of the skinniest in the history of boxing.

ALAN J. BERNARDINA
Burlington, Vt.

• Kahkoff's correct height is 6'7" —ED.

WORLD CUP TRY

Sir:

Paul Gardner's portrayal of a young U.S. team's last chance at the 1978 World Cup (*End of a Dream in Raisin*, Jan. 3) altered my view of soccer a bit. For the first time I was right in there pulling for soccer players I felt were "my team." And although in the end I was disappointed in our loss, I am proud of our effort and hopeful of future victories.

PETER HOFFMAN
Cherry Chase, Md.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

**When a car makes you feel good about its looks,
that's styling.**

**When a car makes you feel good about yourself,
that's character.**



**Monte Carlo.
Personal. Original. Affordable.**

Chevrolet

Introducing Fact Menthol.

The low gas, low 'tar'.

You might not know it, but cigarette smoke is mostly gas—many different kinds. Not just 'tar' and nicotine.

And, despite what we tobacco people think, some critics of smoking say it's just as important to cut down on some of the gases as it is to lower 'tar' and nicotine.

No ordinary menthol cigarette does both. But Fact does.

Fact is the first menthol cigarette with the revolutionary Purite[®] filter. And Fact reduces gas concentrations while it reduces 'tar' and nicotine.

Read the pack. It tells how you get the first low gas, low 'tar' smoke with good, menthol taste.

And that's not fiction.
That's a Fact.



Available in regular and menthol.

Fact Menthol: The low gas, low 'tar'.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular, 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Menthol,
13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

© 1990 R.J.R.T.C.